













*Richard Ramsey.*

# POEMS

ON

## VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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BY RICHARD RAMSEY.

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SELF-TAUGHT I SING—

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HOMER.

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MACCLESFIELD :

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

**HENRY BURTON CONYNGHAM,**

**EARL CONYNGHAM;**

**LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN THE**

**BRITISH ARMY;**

**CUSTOS ROTULORUM OF THE**

**COUNTY OF CLARE;**

**AND A GOVERNOR OF THE COUNTY OF**

**DONEGAL,**

**&c. &c. &c.**

**T H E S E   P O E M S**

**ARE**

**DEDICATED**

**BY HIS**

**MOST DEVOTED,**

**HUMBLE SERVANT,**

**R. RAMSEY.**

GIFT  
COL. JAMES E. CHAMBERS  
JULY 26, 1944

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## PREFACE.

**READER**—in the Author of the following Poems, you must not expect to find the man of deep erudition, or the son of science—but a simple, unlettered Tar, who sings as nature taught. He hopes this honest confession will not have a tendency to prejudice the learned against his small volume; for learning and genius are two distinct things. Thanks to the God of nature, genius is not confined to this or to that profession—to the learned or the unlearned—to the rich or the poor—to the king or the peasant—to the academic shades of ancient, or the more superb seminaries of modern lore—but has deigned to bless Diogenes in his tub, and Æsop in his slavery, as well as Solomon on his throne—and has been the delightful companion of our admirable Falconer through his wavy way. True genius is that gift of God implanted in our nature, which learning may improve, but cannot acquire. Burns, the celebrated poet says,

Gie me a spark o' Nature's fire,  
That's a' the learning I desire.

Agreeable to this is the opinion of the Edinburgh Reviewers—“Regular education, we think, is unfavourable to vigor, or originality of understanding—like civilization, it makes society more intelligent and agreeable; but it levels the distinctions of nature”—There being many Bards, in the present day, who are not overburthened with the learning of the schools, the Author hopes that these quotations will, with men of mind, plead their

apology, as well as his own, for attempting to appear among the very learned and noble Bards of the nineteenth century.

In the eyes of some Authors, as well on this, as the other side the Tweed, this volume may appear quite unfashionable, it not being swelled out with twenty or thirty pages of unimportant, or pedantic Notes, to elucidate studied ambiguity of style; such Authors labour to write in a mysterious manner, to the end that they may become their own commentators—as PRIOR wrote his own epitaph, lest the surviving brotherhood should not do him justice when he was dead—They do not seem to have considered, that,

“ Our learned Commentators view  
In Homer—more than Homer knew.”—

If they had, and only been possessed of a small portion of modesty, they would have left this task to the literary heroes of future generations—who, while the hoary headed Sexton with his spade was strewing their ashes to the four winds of heaven, to make room for their successors in the grave, might, at that distance of time, have given them credit for talent and genius, which their writings at present do not seem to possess. The Author is no self-commentator, nor does he require one, having laboured to write with the utmost simplicity, and plainness of style.—He is of Dr. Young’s opinion, who says—“ some wits like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success—for tho’ ambiguities are the first excellence of an imposter, they are the last of a wit.”

Dr. Johnson said of a noble Author, who had the misfortune to incur his displeasure, that he was

“ A Wit among Lords, and a Lord among Wits”—

And the Author will say, of himself, that he is

A Bard among Tars, and a Tar among Bards.—

Can the ingenuity or spleen of the most enlightened or sour



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Critics lay him lower? As to Authors, he neither fears their lash, nor courts their friendship; most part of the modern tribe, like Mocking-birds, having no song of their own, imitate those who have sung—As to his Readers, some of them will be pleased, and others displeased, as has been, is, and ever will be the case, with the best productions of Inspiration and Genius—And as to the principles of the Author—whose little volume embraces many subjects—he can assure the reader that he is a lover of his Country and King, whom he hath had the honour to serve by sea and land (as a Volunteer)—but he is no zealot, either in Religion or Politics—(save that he denies the supremacy of the Pope, and the legendary tales of his miracle-working Apostles)—all he wishes is, Truth from the Pulpit, Justice from the Bench, and Constitutional Liberty from the Throne.

Having added his Profile to the Work, some Connoisseurs may feel inclined to bring against him a charge of vanity—a heavy charge indeed! But who is free from it, if we admit the assertion of the Preacher, that—“All is Vanity?” But as he is not so *vain* as to indulge in the hope of a Second Edition, he has bestowed this small embellishment upon the First—and he must be a sour Critic indeed, who can censure him on this account, it being given gratis. Among the Subscribers to these Poems (whose number exceeds five hundred) no doubt there may be some admirers of the celebrated LAVATER, who perhaps will devote a leisure hour to the pleasing task of comparing the outlines of Physiognomy with those of Intellect, and of judging with scientific precision whether nature has, or has not, departed from her old custom of making the face an Index to the Mind—such Readers will exculpate the Author from the charge of vanity.—Many of the following Poems having appeared under the assumed signature of “ERINUS,” the Author thinks it proper to

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state that he is a native of Ireland—and Ireland, in the old Irish, or Gaelic language, is called ERIN—hence he assumed the signature of “ERINUS,” to denote his country.

It is customary for Authors, now-a-days, upon the bended knee of a supplicating preface, to implore mercy of the Critics—and it is as customary for the Critics to shew them none—therefore the Author will not imitate the former, lest he should raise the shadow of a blush in the face of the latter, by seeking mercy where there is little or none to be found—he will make no apology for appearing in print, but conclude with Pilate—“What I have written, I have written.”

## THE AUTHOR.

MACCLESFIELD, JUNE 1816.

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## POEMS.



### HOME.



IN ev'ry clime, in ev'ry stage,  
In blooming youth and wrinkled age,  
The love of life how strong ?  
But stronger still has God imprest  
The love of COUNTRY in our breast—  
So *Homer's* Muse hath sung:  
Yet in hoar Lapland's waste of snows,  
Or where the Tropic sun-beam glows,  
In CAVERN, HUT OR DOME,  
In ev'ry tribe from pole to pole,  
A love more pow'rful charms the soul,—

A love of HOME.

May Albion's sons, who aim the blow,  
On every shore, at freedom's foe,  
In virtue's cause succeed ;  
That aid to nations they afford,  
(The HERO, and th' avenging sword)  
Oh ! may they never need.

I love that spot which gave me birth,  
 Above all other spots on earth,  
 Tho' doom'd abroad to roam ;  
 I love it, tho' from childish years  
 A wand'rer thro' this vale of tears—

Without a HOME.

Ye Gods ! who must not feel the name  
 With solemn transport thrill his frame,  
 And kindle honest pride ?  
 Where all the scenes of early life,  
 Where father, brother, lover, wife,  
 And social friends reside ?  
 Say Reader hath it been thy lot  
 To plough the wave, (far from thy Cot,)  
 Where distant oceans foam ?  
 When Sorrow's tear bedimm'd thy eye,  
 Did'st thou not heave the frequent sigh—

For thy lov'd HOME ?

Yet let not mortal man repine  
 Against that awful POWER DIVINE,  
 Who rules events below—  
 For gracious ends, beyond our scan,  
 Heav'n often wills presumptuous Man  
 To lead a life of woe !  
 But what is life ? A dream,—a breath,—  
 A passport to the realms of death,  
 The low, dark, silent Tomb,



When there this body is laid down,  
 The deathless soul shall seek its own—  
 Eternal HOME.

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## ODE TO HEALTH.

—ooo—

GODDESS of the rosy face,  
 Source of each external grace,  
     Yclept by mortals—HEALTH ;  
 Cheer me with thy fond regard,  
 And smile, O smile, upon a Bard,  
     Who asks no greater wealth.

When the ample sail, unfurl'd,  
 Bore me o'er the wavy world,  
     Remote from Albion's isle ;  
 When the midnight tempest 'rose,  
 Or we grappl'd with our foes,  
     Thy presence bade me smile.

What is beauty, wealth, or pow'r,  
 Fame, the phantom of the hour,  
     Or mirth-inspiring bowl ?  
 Shorn of THEE, lo, beauty fades,  
 Strength decays, disease invades,  
     And anguish wounds the soul.

The pamper'd rich you often leave  
A prey to an untimely grave—

Whilst he who holds the plough,  
His homely pittance lives to eat  
Till grey, tho' earned by the sweat  
He dashes from his brow.

When from palace roofs you fly,  
Sick'ning princes heave the sigh,  
And sink into the tomb—  
Yet thy presence, strange to tell,  
Cheers the captive in his cell,  
And dissipates the gloom!

What are crowns compar'd with you,  
The golden treasures of Peru,  
Or—ALL BENEATH THE SKY?  
Kings without you bow the head,  
Nations mingle with the dead—  
All human flesh must die!

Uncertain good! precarious bliss!  
One careless step, one act amiss,  
And, lo, you frown and fly;—  
While virtuous habits court your stay,  
And, should you vanish, point the way  
To meet you in the sky.

Goddess of the rosy face,  
 Source of each external grace,  
 Yclept by mortals—HEALTH;  
 Cheer me with thy fond regard,  
 And smile, O smile upon a Bard,  
 Who asks no greater wealth.

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## GENIUS, AND PITT.

---

HAIL, GENIUS ! nymph of origin divine,  
 Who erst inspir'd the lovers of the Nine ;  
 Or taught astronomy, with eagle-eye,  
 To read the starry volume of the sky ;  
 Or bade philosophy on nature pore,  
 Scan causes and effects, and heav'n adore ;  
 To no one nation, age or clime confin'd,  
 In ev'ry land you dwell with men of *mind*.  
 Tho' classic-bred, we live by rigid rules,  
 And wade thro' all the learning of the schools ;  
 Without thy aid, thy glow of living fire,  
 No art can warm, no science can inspire ;  
 For noble ends, and in due season given,  
 Thou com'st to man, unsought, the gift of heaven ;  
 Thrice precious gift ! with which kind heaven thought fit  
 To grace old Albion's Son—immortal PITT.

As when lone mariners are tost amid  
 Tempestuous waves, in clouds and darkness hid ;

---

When wild through heaven the howling storm-winds blow,  
And rocks and breakers threaten death below,  
If haply some kind beacon glads their sight,  
And shoots its rays across the gloom of night,  
Rejoic'd they spread the sail, and tug the oar,  
Plough thro' the surge, and gain the peaceful shore :—  
So Albion's sons, when war's loud storm assail'd,  
When force of arms, and valour, nought avail'd ;  
When the state vessel verg'd towards a wreck,  
And clouds of faction darken'd o'er the deck ;  
Beheld a light, which shot its rays afar,  
The rising PITT ! and hail'd their friendly star ;  
All danger vanish'd, and each loyal soul  
Gaz'd on their guide, as seamen on the pole !  
Then, GENIUS, thou exhausted all thy fire,  
To make the Son illustrious as his Sire ;  
Philosophy and politics combin'd,  
And with statistic lore enrich'd his mind.  
From hydra faction he lopp'd every head,  
And cheer'd the land with commerce, and with bread ;  
Stopt Gallia's despot in his fierce career,  
And bade desponding nations scorn to fear.  
Heav'n, ever wont to succour injur'd right,  
Approv'd, and flash'd the future on his sight ;  
And hence his daring plan ;—" Adieu," he cry'd,  
" To peace with tyrants, red with murder dy'd ;  
" Perpetual war shall thunder on their shore,  
" Till British valour, BOURBON's line restore ;

---

“ Till Europe sees the proud Napoleon hurl’d  
 “ From throne usurp’d, and blotted from the world”—  
 But when his mighty mind arrang’d the plan,  
 Death call’d him hence, and taught us he was MAN.

As when a Sire, whose glass is almost run,  
 Views, incomplete, the learning of his Son,  
 To trusty friends the arduous task’s assign’d,  
 T’ improve the seeds of science in his mind ;  
 The faithful guardians perfect the good plan,  
 And bid the youth shine forth in all the man.  
 So PITT’s successors, to their country true,  
 Pursue the noble end he had in view ;  
 Wealth, int’rest, honour, valour, hosts oppose  
 To tyranny, and triumph o’er their foes !  
 O may they in his footsteps persevere,  
 Unaw’d by threats, inviolate by fear ;  
 Disdain all treaty with their Gallic foe,  
 Whose fell ambition would lay Albion low ;  
 Nor sheath the sword, nor from the battle cease,  
 Till CONQUEST crown our arms, and LASTING PEACE !

JANUARY, 1814.

---

## THE RELIGION OF SOCRATES.

---

COME, ye who worship gods of wood or stone,  
 Or lofty altars raise “ To gods unknown ;”  
 And ye, who like the ancient Persians, love  
 To worship Mithra in the sacred grove ;

---

And ye call d Christians, who that name revere  
 By which you're call'd — and hold the bible dear ;  
 Attend, and Socrates shall give you ALL  
 A lesson — not unworthy of Saint Paul ! —  
 ‘ I pity, from my soul, deluded men  
 ‘ Who worship God, in cave, or wood, or den ;  
 ‘ Or build a lofty altar to enclose  
 ‘ That BEING, whose extension no man knows ;  
 ‘ Who, to a Party, Sect, or Caste, confine  
 ‘ The Omnipresent Power, the God divine ;  
 ‘ Such men dishonour God, and plainly show  
 ‘ They nothing of his love, or essence know !  
 ‘ Whate’er is made, He made ; breathes through the whole,  
 ‘ Source of all life, and of all life the soul ;  
 ‘ Were ev’ry star a world, all were too small  
 ‘ To bound that pow’r who made and governs ALL ; —  
 ‘ In open air to heav’n I’ll raise my face,  
 ‘ And worship HIM whose TEMPLE IS ALL SPACE !”

---

## THE BOY AND THE PRIEST.

A PRETTY Irish Boy, of mongrel breed,  
 The fruit of Protestant and Papist seed,  
 To Mother’s church an inclination had,  
 But Father unto MASS would force the Lad.  
 This bred contention between man and wife,  
 And soured all the little sweets of life ;

By day the peace was often broke with blows,  
 And curtain lectures nightly chas'd repose ;  
 The little family, with bigot pride,  
 Oft rang'd themselves for battle on each side ;  
 And if warm arguments should end in blows,  
 To fight on Mother's side our hero chose ;  
 Yet still the Boy to church on Sundays stole,  
 And evidenc'd a wish to save his soul.

The Rector ey'd the Boy, his zeal approv'd,  
 And gave a BIBLE—which he dearly lov'd ;  
 This made th' enraged Father storm and curse,  
 Lock up the book, and use the Boy still worse ;  
 With holy water, bless'd by men of God,  
 He bath'd him oft, but oft'ner us'd the rod ;  
 Yet still the Boy to church on Sundays stole,  
 And evidenc'd a wish to save his soul.

At length, one Sunday morn, it came to pass,  
 The Father dragg'd the struggling Boy to MASS ;  
 The zealous neighbours help'd to force him in,  
 And begg'd the Priest to pardon his foul sin.  
 Quoth he, " By virtue of our holy Mass,  
 I cannot pardon till he first confess."  
 " Well," said the Boy, " supposing I were willing,  
 " What is your charge"—" I'll charge you but one  
 shilling."  
 " Must all men pay, and all men make confession ?"  
 " Yes, ev'ry man of Catholic profession."



“ And who do you confess to ? ” “ Why, the Dean ” —  
 “ And does he charge you ? — “ Yes a white thirteen. ” \*  
 “ And do your Deans confess ? ” — “ Yes, Boy, they do,  
 “ Confess to Bishops, and pay smartly too. ”  
 “ Do Bishops, Sir, confess ? pay ? and to whom ? ”  
 “ They confess to, and pay the Pope of Rome. ”  
 “ Well, ” quoth the Boy, “ all this is mighty odd ;  
 “ But does the Pope confess ? — “ O yes, to God, ” —  
 “ And doth God charge the Pope ? ” — “ No, ” quoth  
 the Priest ?  
 “ He charges nothing. ” — “ O, then, God’s the best ;  
 “ God’s able to forgive, and always willing ;  
 “ To him I will confess — *and save my shilling !* ”

## THE PERPETUAL MOTION.


TWO friends of late, engag’d in social chat,  
 Now gravely talk’d of this, and then of that ;  
 Of peace and war, of markets, and taxation,  
 And of expences that oppress’d the nation ;  
 Of politics, religion, and what not,  
 And smoak’d their pipes, and reason’d o’er their pot ;  
 Till the PERPETUAL MOTION, last of all,  
 Engross’d their thoughts — when Billy said to Paul,  
 My friend this secret must be understood  
 Before we can determine longitude ;  
 To north and south by latitude we sail  
 Secure, and brave the current and the gale ;

---

\* Thirteen — an English Shilling is so called in Ireland.



For still the quadrant, by meridian sun,  
Gives the true distance which the ship hath run—  
But solar observations, (and the aid  
Of fixed stars) and Lunar, often made,  
In ev'ry clime, round the terraqueous Ball,  
Have err'd, and longitude is guess-work all ;  
And oft, like ships up channel, in a fog,  
They calculate their distance by the log—  
For the Perpetual Motion only can  
Correct these faults, and guide sea-faring Man.  
The learn'd have found it a perplexing thing,  
And often tried to find it by the spring,  
The Ball and Plane, the Wheel, and every way  
Art could suggest—but still they went astray !  
And to the end of time, without a doubt,  
Mankind may try, but never find it out—  
Hold there quoth Paul, be not so fast friend Billy,  
Your judgment's wrong, and your conclusion silly,  
Perform one act, and I will lay my life  
That we shall find the secret by my WIFE—  
Keep her AWAKE, and I am of the notion,  
You'll find her tongue is the—Perpetual Motion !



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## THE FALL OF EVE.

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THE Rev. Doctor Adam Clarke asserts  
 It could not be a serpent tempted Eve,  
 But a gay Monkey ! whose fine mimic arts  
 And fopp'ries were more likely to deceive !  
 Dogmatic Commentators still hold out  
 A serpent, not a Monkey, tempted Madam ;  
 And which shall we believe ? without a doubt  
 None knew so well what tempted Eve as—Adam.

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## POETICAL EPISTLE TO ANNA.

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SWIFT, in Erin's deep-green bow'rs,  
 Flew the airy-footed hours,  
 When with charming Anna blest,  
 Love and transport fir'd my breast.  
 Sweet is her enchanting smile,  
 Sweet her words, and free from guile,  
 Sweet her lip, when prest by mine,  
 As nectareous cup divine.  
 Tho' her cheeks like roses glow,  
 And her skin is white as snow,  
 Tho' with Venus she doth vie,  
 And her soul speaks in her eye—  
 Ev'ry charm eclips'd you'll find  
 By the beauties of her mind !

---

ANNA is beyond compare,  
Fairest of the village fair !  
Swifter comes that dreaded day,  
When thy lover must away,  
To a foreign land repair,  
And leave thee—fairest of the fair !  
Trust me, Anna, when I'm gone,  
I shall love no other one ;  
True to thee shall be my soul,  
As the needle to the pole ;  
For no Caledonian fair  
Shall my constant heart ensnare ;  
Nor Albion's lovely daughters wile  
Thy swain away, with syren smile.  
The rising breast, soul-moving sigh,  
The rosy cheek, and sparkling eye,  
The smile divine, alluring tongue,  
The ardent look, and thrilling song  
My stedfast heart shall never move—  
True to Anna, and to love.

Fairest of the female race,  
Full of beauty, full of grace ;  
True to love, like me remain,  
And imitate thy faithful swain ;  
While thro' distant lands I rove,  
Far from thee, and far from love.  
List not to the prating beau,  
To honour—dead, to love—a foe ;

Nor the gaudy fop admire,  
Doating on his gay attire.  
List not to the hypocrite,  
All religious, all discreet ;  
He, with all his seeming grace,  
Would deceive thee to thy face.  
Guard against the libertine,  
Fir'd with passion, and with wine ;  
Bacchus a false joy inspires,  
Fraught with wild illicit fires.  
List not to the country 'squire,  
Void of love's celestial fire ;  
He, with ruddy lumpkin face,  
Courts the bottle, and the chace,  
List not to the whining Bard,  
Warbling forth the fond regard ;  
His love is like his song divine,  
Thrown away upon the—Nine.  
Guard against the lawyer's wile,  
Tho' he bow, and plead, and smile ;  
He despises Hymen's bands,  
If he have not—" jointure lands !"   
In my absence constant be,  
And keep thy heart reserv'd for me,  
Till I return to Erin's land—  
Then I'll take thy lily hand.

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## LINES ON SOPHIA,

Late Daughter of Dr. Solomon, and Wife of J. S. Tobias, Esq.  
 who died the 21st day of June, 1813, aged 21.



COULD wealth or beauty stay the fleeting breath,  
 Or med'cine's charm arrest the hand of death,  
 The virtuous young SOPHIA had not died.  
 Nor fond TOBIAS for his consort sigh'd,  
 Wealth, beauty, youth, and virtue's aids were vain,  
 The struggling spirit longer to detain ;  
 And med'cine could not trim the lamp of life,  
 Nor save from death the daughter and the wife.  
 Clay-cold upon the couch—behold her lie  
 Embalm'd with tears from friendship's streaming eye !  
 Mute is that voice which caroll'd song divine,  
 And dim those eyes that late were wont to shine ;  
 Clos'd are those lips that never utter'd guile,  
 And when they open'd — open'd with a smile !  
 The ling'ring graces weep a last adieu  
 To the pale cheek that glow'd with crimson hue ;  
 The loves, the graces, and the smiles are fled,  
 Life's pulse stands still—and sweet SOPHIA's dead !  
 Not ev'n thy '*Balm of Gilead*' could prolong,  
 O SOLOMON ! the subject of my song !  
 Thy '*Balm of Gilead*,' which was wont to heal  
 In every clime—and seldom known to fail !  
 The healing virtues in sad hour are fled,  
 Life's pulse stands still—and thy SOPHIA's dead !

No med'cine can the vital spark restore,  
 And she who liv'd to please, shall please no more !  
 So when a rose, upon its fragrant bed,  
 Nipt by untimely frosts, droops low its head,  
 The hues grow faint, in which it was array'd,  
 And all its blooming short-liv'd beauties fade ;  
 No Florist's art back to its folds can bring  
 The blushing tints—or cause a second spring.

## A QUERY.

THE ancient Romans, it is gravely said,  
 With fire consum'd the bodies of their dead ;  
 Their sacred ashes from the pile convey'd,  
 And in nice urn with due decorum laid ;  
 From Putrefaction thus preserv'd their forms,  
 From insult, sacrilege, and loathsome worms.  
 I grant it—but ye lovers of mankind,  
 Ye sons of science, who instruct the blind,  
 Inform me how they kept their ashes free  
 From those of wood, which intermixt might be ?  
 When in one blaze both pile and body burn,  
 How save the human ashes for the urn ?  
 By answering prove the love to man thou bearest,  
 And you'll oblige your humble servant,—

QUERIST.

---

## ANSWER TO THE "QUERY."

---

THE ancient Romans, when they burn'd their dead,  
 In shroud ASBESTINUM their bodies laid ;  
 Which shroud was made from the CARYSTIUS stone,  
 That could with ease like flax or wool be spun ;  
 This cloth transmitted fire, but did not burn,\*  
 And sav'd the " human ashes for the URN."  
 Dark " Querist," to relate plain truth between us,  
 I am, no " Son of Science," yours—

ERINUS.

---

## QUERIES,

### CONCERNING THE SOUL OF MAN.

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GOD breath'd in the first man, and he became  
 A living soul, inspir'd with subtle flame ;  
 But what the essence of that flame, or soul,  
 If form'd of parts united, or one whole ;  
 If a compound of spirit, air, and heat,  
 Or an immediate substance—men debate.  
 Where, in the human frame, it doth reside,  
 The learned, too, found doubtful to decide.  
 Some held the mind or soul to be the heart ;  
 And others not, but seated in that part.

---

\* Of this sort of Linen, which they called Asbestinum, the Ancients made Napkins ; which when they were unclean, they cast into the fire, and then they became as white as they were before, and yet the fire burnt them not.—MARIUS D'ASSIGNY.



---

Some, that the soul made up the brain complete ;  
 And others, that the brain was but its seat ;  
 Some, thro' the frame diffus'd in every part ;  
 And some, " a flow of life-blood in the heart."  
 Some said it was " a breath of wind," or " air,"  
 And Zeno taught it was " a subtle fire ;" ;  
 Aristoxenes said t'was " harmony ;"  
 And Plato made its parts amount to three ;  
 In the head " reason," " anger" in the heart,  
 And " lust" in the diaphragmatic part.  
 For " nothing" Dicæarchus, did contend ;  
 And Aristotle " motion without end."  
 Democritus, and Epicurus, erst,  
 Of " tenuous atoms" made it to consist.  
 Lucretius these opinions did controul,  
 And call'd it in his verse, " soul of the soul."  
 Now if the soul's true seat is not the heart,  
 And thro' the frame it lives in every part,  
 Say, when a leg or arm's lopp'd off, how could  
 The soul survive such waste of flesh and blood ?  
 In the remaining parts how could it find  
 Room to exist, when first with all combin'd ?  
 In which part of a sever'd Tartar lives  
 The soul, when fit to speak, HE hours survives ?  
 I'll drop these Heathens, and their errors too,  
 And speak a word, learn'd Christians, unto you ;  
 Have you a soul ?—" I have,"—each man replies,  
 Then tell me WHAT IT IS, and WHERE IT LIES ?



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## LINES,

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN THE  
HALL OF D. D\*\*\*\*\*T, ESQ. M. P.

WHAT strength of thought, and glowing art divine,  
Upon the canvas bade this PICTURE shine ?  
The slender neck, the nicely rounded breast,  
And blush of modesty are well exprest;  
The ruby lips ope with a placid smile,  
And the fond eye our reason doth beguile ;  
Where e'er we turn it darts its noble fire,  
And SEEMS to follow when we would retire !  
While to my lips I press the mantling bowl,  
Methinks her picture is possess'd of soul ;  
Well-pleas'd it smiles to see the stranger-guest,  
Beneath her eye, enjoy the bounteous feast ;  
Such as her hand in other days had spread,  
When strangers feasted—and the hungry fed.

This hieroglyphic picture seems to say—  
(Attend, O ! D\*\*\*\*\*T unto my lay)  
' Long as I shine to decorate this wall,  
' May none go dry or hungry from this hall ;  
' But may the master of this ample dome  
' Refresh the outcast, far from friends and home ;  
' Pour balm into the breast oppress'd with grief,  
' Bid sorrow smile, and yield the poor relief ;  
' For some have welcom'd ANGELS unawares,  
' And POETS too—a race oppress'd with cares !  
' Such was my custom when I life possest,  
' And my REWARD is NOW ETERNAL REST.'

---

## VERSES TO A PAINTER,

ON HIS TAKING THE LIKENESS OF A BEAUTIFUL  
BUT UNINFORMED YOUNG LADY.

**BOLD** is thy hand that dares to trace  
The beauties of young Celia's face ;  
Her forehead fair as mountain snows,  
Her ringlets brown, and cheeks of rose,  
Where white and red so purely blend,  
We no beginning know—nor end ;  
Her eyes that beam so full of fire,  
May well the artist's mind inspire ;  
Her lips, which zephyrs only kiss,  
For mortal man too great a bliss ;  
Her breast—but language here must fail,  
And like the Greek—I draw a veil.\*

'Tis thine, O, HAYDEN ! to set forth  
External charms ; mine, inward worth ;  
Use all your skill, your pencil ne'er  
Can partial prove to one so fair ;  
For nature form'd the nymph so gay,  
You cannot flatter, though I may ;  
The goddess to her face confin'd  
Her worth—but vacant left her mind.

---

\* “ The Grecian Painter in the sacrifice of Iphigenia, hid the face of Agememnon, her Father, because he could not do justice to the sacred sorrows it expressed.”

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**FAT AND LEAN SUBJECTS ;**  
**ADDRESSED TO THE PRINCE REGENT.**

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(Written prior to the rescinding of "The Orders in Council.")

" I do not know the Man I should avoid  
 " So soon as that Spare Cassius."—SHAKESPEARE.

\*\*\*

AS man at his creation was compos'd  
 Of substances compound, MATERIAL  
 And IMMATERIAL, hence the LEAN of flesh,  
 In due proportion, must have more of soul,  
 And nearer verge to disembodied mind,  
 Which scans with spirit's eye ; than bodies swoln,  
 Unwieldy, and too FAT, which clog the soul  
 With cumb'rous flesh, and sink the mental powers  
 In brutal sloth, and half absorb the MAN.  
 All MATTER tends to rest—hence only make  
 Your subjects FAT, and reign and rule in peace.  
 My maxim's true—Let but the ROYAL eye  
 Survey this isle, and it must needs behold,  
 That MEN, who share the blessings of the land,  
 And FATTEN on the spoils, are loyal, true,  
 And steady to a man ;—whilst the LEAN sons  
 Of industry and toil, who feed on crumbs,  
 And scanty offals, do contemn the laws,  
 And rouse rebellion from her bloody den.  
 Despise them not—for the LEAN kine of old  
 Devour'd the FAT—in royal Pharoah's dream.  
 One cannot think what LEAN men DARE attempt.  
 In the "SPARE CASSIUS", ev'ry fear of death

Became extinct, because his flesh was worn  
 Nigh to the BONE, and all WITHIN was soul,  
 Which could not die; —therefore he murder'd CÆSAR.  
 Even so LEAN Bellingham, despising death,  
 On hapless Perceval reveng'd his wrongs.  
 Now, Royal Sir, would you reform each class  
 That's prone to riot, send not armed hosts  
 Of horse and foot, with swords and glitt'ring spears,  
 And implements of war, and menace dire,  
 To awe them to subjection ;—rather send  
 Supplies of FOOD or TRADE, that they may eat  
 The bread of industry, as they were wont  
 In better days, and their well-nourish'd FRAMES,  
 In time becoming FAR, shall so chain down  
 Their factious SPIRITS, that the Luddite host  
 Will grow snbmissive, loyal, meek, and mild,  
 As e'en the SLEEKEST Bishop in the land.

### BROAD BRIM AND THE WAG.

AN honest Broadbrim, and his holy spouse,  
 Who liv'd by selling milk and other food,  
 Had been suspected, when they milk'd their cows,  
 Of adding WATER—more than did it good.

Yet when at early hour the people came,  
 They saw the milk pour'd in the vessel warm ;  
 But when serv'd out 'twas blue and void of cream,  
 And none knew how it got the WATER-CHARM.

At length, a wag one evening put his eye  
 To key-hole, just before the milking hour,  
 And saw old Broadbrim and his Spouse, quite sly,  
 Some cans of WATER in the milk-tub pour.

“ Old slyboots,” quoth the wag, “ what spirit moves  
 Thee to defraud thy neighbours of their right ?  
 By putting WATER in thy MILK, it proves  
 Thy endless portion must be endless night.”

“ Nay, friend,” said Broadbrim “ folks I never bilk,  
 Tho’ I outwit them—thou mistakst the matter,  
 I never do put water in the milk—  
 I only—PUT THE MILK INTO THE WATER.

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## PADDY AND THE PUMPKIN.

---

UP Muncey Hill a stout Hibernian boor  
 Pursu’d his way toward the Junietto,\*  
 A black-thorn cudgel by his side he wore,  
 Which in its time had knock’d down many a score,  
 And was more priz’d than sabre or stiletto.

Within a patch of Indian corn he spy’d  
 A Yankee toating† pumpkins to his cart :  
 With wonder long the yellow globes he ey’d,  
 Then o’er the fence to Jonathan loud cry’d,  
 “ What do you call those pretty things, dear heart ?”

---

\* A river that empties into the Susquehanah, near Sunbury, in North America. † A Yankee phrase, signifying to bear or carry,

"These here things are Mare's Eggs," was the reply,  
 "Which, like the Ostrich's, hatch in the sun;  
 "With safety here no longer they can lie,  
 "In yonder house I mean to put them by,  
 "Lest the young colts should burst their shells, & run!"

"Mare's Eggs!" cried Pat, "and will each little horse  
 "Be, like its shell, a lovely yellow colour?"  
 "It must, you fool," quoth Jonathan, "of course,  
 "I've often seen them better, never worse;" —  
 Then Pat for one laid down his white half-dollar.

Proud of his prize, he cheerly tript along,  
 And when he had got fairly in the offing,  
 Quoth he, "for stealing horses Dad was hung,  
 "And brother Teague transported very young—  
 "But here I can buy good horse-flesh for nothing."

Proceeding down the hill, through want of care,  
 A stump tript up his heels, and his Mare's Egg  
 Roll'd down the steep, swift as the lightning's glare,  
 Into a bush, where lay a sleeping hare,  
 Which being rous'd, immediately made leg.

Pat saw her leave the bush, and with all haste  
 Threw off his hat, coat, vest, and brogues, to chase her;  
 And roar'd out to some travellers that past,  
 "Stop colt! stop colt! HONAM MON DHOWL, lay fast—  
 "For by the powers I'm sure she'll be a RACER!"



---

MORNING.

---

SCENE, POYNTON LAKE.

NOW from the hearth, rous'd by my early tread  
 Thro' Poynton street, the watchful house-dog springs,  
 And howls his rude salute. The Stately cock  
 Claps his strong wings, and with shrill clarion notes  
 Wakes echo in her cell, and hails the morn.  
 The yawning Landlord, rous'd by cheering hope  
 Of early traffic, his strong door unfolds,  
 And hails me courteous, and with meaning look  
 Informs me he has Rum and Gin on draft.  
 The Crescent Inn, embosom'd in a grove,  
 Beneath the BULKELEY Coat of Arms hangs out  
 To public view the artificial grape.  
 I pass the Village, and the glassy Lake  
 Of deep collected waters, skirting far  
 The Turnpike-Road, attracts my wond'ring eyes.  
 Here, at her moorings rides the painted boat,  
 Once tightly rigg'd, but now in tatter'd trim.  
 Far o'er the stern projects the fallen mast,  
 And boltsprit o'er the prow, and cordage foul,  
 Half-buried in the Lake; which brings to mind,  
 Remembrance sad! the wreck'd deserted ship,  
 And legless sailor stilting from the war!  
 Deep in the bosom of the Lake, flocks, groves,  
 And BULKELEY'S\* lofty dome revers'd are seen.  
 The speckled trout pursues the fly, which skims

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\* Lord Bulkeley's Seat in Cheshire.

---

Along the surface of the crystal flood,  
Reckless of ill, and dips the sportive wing.  
From underneath his milk-white wing the swan  
Draws forth his jetty bill, and proudly rears  
His prow-like crest, hoists his broad wings, and sails,  
Or ploughs the yielding flood with oary feet.  
Now distant rolling o'er the gravell'd road  
Is heard the morning coach, and now appears  
The peopl'd vehicle, the smacking whip,  
The smoking horses, and the thund'ring wheels.  
Slow following rocks old Simeon, grey with age,  
And on his haunch a pond'rous basket bears,  
With reeking treasure stor'd from passing steeds—  
(Pattern of Industry !) he gathers soil  
For hot-beds, which, in spring, thro' glassy roofs  
Imbibe the solar ray, and early teem  
With vegetative life, and mellow fruits.  
Remote from sight, but within hearing's ken,  
The lark, high fluttering on the morning cloud,  
Half way to heav'n bears shrilly songs of praise.  
Altho' less elevated, not less sweet  
From dew-bespangl'd thorn the swelling thrush  
Pours forth his soul in song ; the red-breast perch'd  
On topmost bough the morning anthem swells.  
Nor is the black-bird silent—thro' the groves  
He whistles loud and oft, like the shrill sound  
Of silver pipe in war-ship at the dawn,  
When the spruce boatswain calls the morning watch.



Ev'n the rude raven, sailing on the wing  
 In quest of prey, at times forgets his cares,  
 And strikes the hoarse-ton'd bass, with sullen croak,  
 And oft the restless pye, or on the wing,  
 Or nimble hop, throws in his cymbal note.  
 Now from the thorn the sun-beam sips the dew,  
 And cheers the warblers, who in notes more sweet,  
 And animated, make the welkin ring.  
 But here, alas! the grateful song of man,  
 Man—Lord of the Creation! is not heard!  
 In sloth and indolence supine he lies  
 Fast bound in death-like sleep, and snores away  
 The soul-exalting pleasures of the Morn.

---

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,  
 ON THE LOSS OF A FAVOURITE BIRD,

—ooo—

SWEET Sarah, why that tear-fill'd eye,  
 That down-cast look, and heaving sigh,  
                     Which mental woes presage?  
 Is it because thy goldfinch flew  
 Away, on Thursday morn, from you,  
                     And left his little cage?

Ah! truant Bird! thy crimson head,  
 And wings with yellow plumage spread,  
                     Unshelter'd now remain;

On some house top, or leafless hedge,  
 You feel the wintry tempest's edge,  
     The piercing cold and rain.

Why did you leave kind Sarah's cage,  
 Could not her tender care engage  
     Thy stay—at least till Spring?  
 Her care, that fed thee a whole year,  
 On wholesome seeds, delicious cheer!  
     And gave thee voice to sing?

Didst thou detest the name of "slave,"  
 And, like a patriot, storm and rave,  
     About "LOST LIBERTY?"  
 Lo! half a score of things call'd men  
 Would willingly wear Sarah's chain,  
     Could they be lov'd like thee

Now, Sarah, should your charms engage  
 Some noble youth to wedlock's cage,  
     May he more constant prove  
 May he with tears ne'er fill your eye,  
 Nor in your bosom raise a sigh—  
     Save the fond sigh of love.

### THE MODERN SWAIN.

**Y**E swains who inhabit the grove,  
 Or sportively stray down the mead,  
 Ah! say, were ye ever in love,  
     With a beautiful, but a coy maid?

If so, you will pity my smart,  
Led captive by fair Anna's charms ;  
Her blue eyes have wounded my heart,  
But, ah ! she still flies from my arms.

At morn, noon, and night, I have strove  
To meet her, and tell my sad tale ;  
But when I made mention of love,  
Like a shadow she fled down the vale.

Did fair Anna frown and deny,  
No hope of success would remain ;—  
She smiles, and love beams in her eye,  
While she flies from her languishing swain.

Ah ! what must I do ?—why I'll go  
And proffer my hand and my heart ;  
Perhaps she may pity my woe,  
And love me before I depart—

If not, I will haste from my flock,  
And soon end my sorrow and care ;  
I'll climb to the top of yon rock,  
And—glide to young Ellen as fair !

---

### SAILOR TOM.

---

A CAPTAIN sent his men a-shore,  
At Cuba, to procure fresh store  
Of water, and of wood ;

They had a little keg of rum,  
And, when into the green-wood come,  
They tried if it was good.

Each Tar made off his sparkling glass,  
Old mess-mates toasted, or some lass,  
In Plymouth left behind ;  
The jest and merry song went round,  
And feats of seamanship profound,  
'Till they were all—half-blind !

At length to work all hands did fall,  
Save Tom—appointed by them all  
To stay and watch the rum—  
His orders were, “ if there appear  
An Indian band this course to steer,  
Sing-out, and we will come.”

Tom had a pearl upon one eye,  
By nature form'd so very high,  
He ne'er could get it clos'd ;  
Tho' centinel, he soon got drunk,  
And in deep sleep by Somnus sunk,  
To danger was expos'd.

An Indian chief, who skulk'd at hand,  
Gave an attendant strict command  
To go and steal the rum ;  
He reached the spot—gaz'd in his face—  
And hasted off with quicker pace  
Than he before had come.

He cried—"strange white-man I have found!  
 He never mov'd, tho' I danc'd round,  
 And jump'd like a wild stag;  
 But when I in his face did peep,  
 I found he had—one eye to sleep,  
 And one to watch the keg!

---

## PARLIAMENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

SOME fancy that a Statesman should  
 Be rich, and sprung from noble blood;  
 Possess estates, high rank, and titles,  
 And never stoop to think of trifles!  
 Among plebeians never mix,  
 But "Bang-up"—in a coach and six;  
 Dance strict attendance at the court,  
 And Levees, where the vain resort;  
 To country dwelling ne'er come down,  
 But spend his cash on w--'s in town;  
 Know all the famous ancients writ,  
 And shine a genius and a wit;  
 Possess an endless fund of sense,  
 And lofty flights of eloquence;  
 These rare perfections met in one—  
 He must be a fine gentleman!  
 And such, alone, should represent  
 Great Britain, in her parliament.

From such I beg to differ, and  
 Produce my reasons—here at hand,  
 He must be rich—why this I grant,  
 A member should not be in want ;  
 Such to enrich him and his tribe,  
 Would sell you for a handsome—bribe !  
 Of noble blood—the blood that flows  
 At duty's call against our foes ;  
 No matter in whose veins it ran,  
 The peasant, or the gentleman ;  
 Which warms the patriot in the cause  
 Of Britain's rights, and Freedom's laws.  
 But, if he prides to grind the poor,  
 Electors, shut on him the door.  
 A coach and six—this will not do,  
 My friends, the costs are paid by you.  
 Attend the court, levees—what not ?  
 Why then he means to sell his vote.  
 Must be a genius and a wit—  
 Like G\*\*\*\*\*n he will take the bit.  
 Must be a man of eloquence—  
 Why then, he's bought at more expence ;  
 And such should never represent  
 Great Britain in her parliament.

Show me a man of good estate,  
 Nor yet too mean, nor yet too great ;  
 Bless'd with ten thousand pounds a year,  
 And moving in the middle sphere ;

A man of moderate eloquence,  
But a large share of common sense ;  
A man of mind, a patriot true,  
Who keeps the public good in view ;  
Of morals pure, and soul upright,  
Whose actions do not fear the light ;  
Unwarp'd by party, undismay'd  
By threats, and not by pensions sway'd ;  
Who can with honest, manly face,  
Contend with Ministers for peace ;  
And to no Member basely yield,  
Or in the Cabinet, or Field ;  
Whose chief desire, and sole delight  
Alone consists in acting right ;  
Prompt to relieve the injur'd poor,  
And drive starvation from their door ;  
Who never sits in silent state  
Whilst other Members hold debate ;  
Nor gives his vote, like Cuckoo song,  
To Ministers—or right, or wrong.  
Such men, alone, should represent  
Great Britain in her Parliament.

Look round the world—our store is ample ;  
You doubt the fact !—then take example ;  
JACK FULLER, tho' no orator,  
Sticks to his country, like a Bur,  
And doth not like a Quaker sit,  
Because he is not deem'd a WIT,



But shuns this cringing silent evil,  
And speaks the truth, and—"SHAMES THE DEVIL."

## WAR AND CHARITY.

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEBB,\* THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven.

ST. LUKE.

In vain we crown the Conqueror with laurels, and the destroyer of the human race with fame—the true Hero, or Christian man, lives peaceful and retired in the calm walks of life.

SINCLAIR.

THE sad effects of war were felt in heaven,  
And now are felt on earth.—The ATHEIST,  
And MINISTERIALIST, these facts deny,  
In contradiction to the clearest proof;  
THAT mocks all Revelation, THIS is deaf  
Unto a nation's groans—unhallowed pair!  
When haggard WAR with horrid yell unfurl'd

\* James Webb, Esq.—This philanthropic character quitted Swansea on Sunday evening last, after displaying a degree of active benevolence almost incredible. He completely clothed about 250 boys residing in the town and neighbourhood, at an expence of £530. 10s. and most of them received likewise small sums of money. To many distressed families and individuals he gave from one to twenty pounds each; to our two Lancasterian Schools he contributed ten pounds each. He left fifty pounds with the Rev. Mr. Oldisworth, to be distributed among the poor of Oystermouth; and on Saturday se'nnight he went into Gower, where he selected fifty boys, whom he ordered to be clothed, and left with Mr. Nunn £75. for charitable purposes, besides giving himself small sums to distressed objects, whose wretchedness elicited compassion from his feeling heart. To our knowledge, he expended in the short space of twelve days that he resided here, no less than sixteen hundred pounds, in clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and relieving the necessities of several hundreds of his fellow-creatures!—Such conduct is superior to all comment.—(*Cambrian Paper.*)

AUGUST, 21st 1814.



---

Her bloody flag, forth to her standard rush'd  
The kingdoms of the earth—dire carnage dy'd  
With blood both sea and land, fleets not exempt  
From the red slaughter caus'd by human pride,  
And thirst of power—and what the sad event ?  
Kingdoms depopulated, pow'rs dethron'd,  
States subjugated, dynasties o'erturn'd,  
Vast realms unpeopl'd, cities storm'd, sack'd, ras'd,  
And burn'd to ashes—commerce half destroyed—  
The social ties of brotherhood despis'd,  
And armies sacrific'd at the fell shrine  
Of man's ambition—while pale famine broods  
O'er the lank cottager, the bankrupt citizen,  
The man of genius, and the artist wan—  
O'er widows, orphans, and the numerous poor  
In streets, in prisons, or in dungeon glooms  
Pent up,—sad victims to her ruthless fangs !

Rich in herself, protected by her shores,  
Her heroes and her fleets, old Albion sits  
Fearless amid the waves, nor feels the shock  
Of war intestine—but her neglected poor  
Beneath the scourge of famine cower and die !  
Not want of wealth, but want of charity,  
Makes them to suffer—Albion can dispense  
Thousands and tens of thousands to relieve  
Iberia's sons, and Russia's distant tribes,  
A prey to all the evils of wild war.

---

Yet Albion's rulers, to petitions blind,  
And deaf unto the cries of WANT, o'erlook  
The juster claims of fellow men at home !  
But not o'erlook'd by thee, immortal WEBB !  
Offspring of CHARITY, and FEELING ! deem'd  
The HOWARD of our day—the poor man's friend !  
In humble silence thro' the land you steal,  
Divested of the pomp that clings to wealth,  
And show'r the manna of your welcome gold,  
(Or paper, substitute in iron age)  
On the half-famish'd poor.—From whence you came,  
Or where you go, we know not ; this we know,  
Where'er you tread the cottager doth smile,  
The dungeon brightens, and the lisping babe,  
Doth bless your name—be it for ever bless'd !  
You give as tho' you gave not, and delight  
Then most, when most your bounty is conceal'd.  
This may seem singular, but must be right—  
Mark we the charitable man ? behold  
He is not puffed up—doth not not behave  
Himself unseemly—doth not crowd his name,  
With dukes and lords, into the public column,  
To swell the list, and his own consequence,  
When charity parades—he never sounds  
The trump of his own fame—no, he is meek  
And gentle in his manners, and respects  
Alike the rich and poor, well knowing that  
They are one flesh, and of one parent born !

---

Go, and do likewise, Rulers of the land—  
The cash expended at a “royal fete,”  
Or “splendid ball”—expended to amuse  
The vacant mind, or whet cloy’d appetite  
With costly viands, and luxurious wines—  
This fund of cash, in CHARITIES employ’d,  
A thousand drooping families would cheer,  
And with abundance bless the child of want;  
Or give the limping TAR a humble home,  
Who, after bravely fighting for his King,  
His country, and himself, is left to roam  
A friendless vagrant thro’ a niggard world;

Go, MISER, count thy bags, gaze on thy gold,  
And bolt the door upon thy useless hoard  
Of household gods—what doth it profit thee  
That thou art rich, if thou dost not befriend  
Thy neighbour in his need—dost not relieve  
The child of want, and pity the “shorn lamb”  
Amid the chilling blasts of war’s wild storm?  
Then shall thy money perish with thee, and  
No friend be thine in the tremendous day  
Of RETRIBUTION, when thou’lt wish a friend!  
Yet we have many generous souls, humane,  
And charitable—yes, our ISLE can boast  
Some noble spirits, chiefly amongst those  
Whose lot is cast in the mid sphere of life,  
Where they can witness and relieve distress.

---

O, happy lot ! nor yet too poor to aid,  
Nor too much swoln with pride to stoop—and give !  
Yet these are few—and partial good, alas !  
An universal evil cannot cure.  
Compell'd by law to yield a scant support  
Unto the poor, the annual mite is giv'n  
Reluctant, and compulsion doth set bounds  
To charity. Tho' not deem'd rich, thrice blessed,  
Are ye, O Sons of Erin ! where the glow  
Of charity spontaneous warms the heart  
Of lord and peasant—where the child of want  
Is never thrust out empty from the door—  
Where other doors stand open to receive  
The Mendicant, than those of dungeons drear,  
And other men than Catchpoles usher him  
To shelter from the storm—screen his grey head,  
And shaking limbs from cold, and kindly share  
Their homely pittance, and their bed of straw !

O, charity ! were mild religion's laws,  
And thy kind precepts more attended to,  
It would be well for men here and hereafter ;  
But they are scorn'd by an untoward world,  
Yes, scorn'd and disobey'd by kings and priests.  
“ Let him who hath two coats give one to him  
That lacketh ”—royalty's blind to the text,  
And priesthood stops her ears—enough for them  
That they from thrones and pulpits, issue laws,

---

And council sage—for works of charity  
 They have no leisure—but such men as WEBB  
 Have leave to practice what they recommend !

Behold the WARRIOR ! mark his nodding plumes,  
 His sullen brow, and sword besmear'd with blood !  
 His path is strew'd with corpses ! nought is heard  
 But bellowing cannon, and the dying groans  
 Of mangled men ! he gluts his savage eye  
 On flaming cities ! and the dismal yell  
 Of human victims issuing forth from clouds.  
 Of smoke and fire, is music to his ears !  
 His heart is adamant—deaf to the cries  
 Of matron, widow, youth, and hoary age,—  
 And orphan bath'd in tears—relentless, fierce,  
 And thirsting for the blood of fellow men,  
 He hurls war, death, and desolation round—  
 A licens'd butcher of the human race !  
 If such receive the plaudits of the crowd,  
 The thanks of senates, honors, rich rewards,  
 And monumental fame for their exploits, [grace  
 What meed, oh WEBB ! in thine ? What wreaths shall  
 Thy brow—still proud to save, while they destroy ?  
 Rich only to do good, hast thou not strove  
 To counteract the dire effects of war,  
 And bid the sad rejoice ? pour'd oil and wine  
 (Following that good Samaritan, bless'd of God,)  
 Into the wounded breast, the widow cheer'd,

---

And bade the helpless orphan dry his tears ?  
What families hath not thy hand redeem'd  
From death and famine—from the tyger grasp  
Of catchpole, and the horrors of a goal ?  
Nor with a sparing hand hast thou dealt out  
The charities of life—on the pale cheek  
Of poverty and sickness sit the smiles  
Of plenty and fresh health—where e'er you roam  
Through Albion's isle, lo ! the big tear is wip'd  
From mis'ry's eye by thy all-bounteous hand !  
Those wars polemic that engender strife,  
And kindle animosities and wrath  
Among Sectarian CASTS, you wisely leave  
To gown-men, and without regard to CREEDS  
Pursue the plan of universal good !  
What meed, O WEBB ! is thine ? no princely smile,  
No public-vote of thanks doth urge thee on  
To social duties—no, thou virtuous art  
For virtue's sake, and for the good of men !  
'Tis not in princes to bestow rewards  
Befitting generous deeds and worth like thine ;  
That is reserv'd for HIM whose arm doth rule  
The powers of earth and heaven—O, may he bless  
Thy soul with peace while here, and when remov'd  
To his own kingdom, grace thee with a CROWN  
Of glory, that shall never, never fade !

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## DIFFUSION OF THE BIBLE ;

Inscribed to the Members of the "British and Foreign Bible Society."

Silver and Gold have I none; but such as I have, give I thee."  
ST. PETER.

---

A COMMON Muse may suit a common theme,  
And mediocrity of genius paint,  
In colours meet, the picture to our eye ;  
But when our subject is the word of God,  
The holy bible, and its general spread  
O'er Isles and Continents, far as the ship  
Hath plough'd the billow, or the traveller sped,  
A gift to nations !—Oh ! what Muse shall sing,  
What genius urge her flight, while she presumes  
To paint a deed so glorious and sublime ?  
Me not presumptuous deem, O God, if I  
That light of inspiration supplicate,  
For which thy holy book bids mankind hope,  
(Nor hope in vain) to gild my simple song.

Long couch'd in manuscript (and only known  
To Rabbies, vers'd in eastern lore, whose task  
Was to expound the Law, in synagogues,  
And note fullfilment of the prophecies  
In the Messiah) hid, the Bible lay,  
Like gold within the miser's chest conceal'd.  
The Saviour comes ! an Apostolic race

---

Of Saints, and Martyrs in the cause of truth,  
Unfold the sacred volume, and unite  
Thereto the Testament—that Testament  
Bequeath'd by Christ to a benighted world.  
Now arts increase, and printed Bibles spread  
Thro' distant nations, and in other tongues.  
Yet here, in Britain, long the gloomy priest,  
And sullen monk, the sacred Book conceal'd  
From vulgar eyes, and rul'd the blindfold-church  
With rod of iron, till the glorious dawn  
Of reformation broke th' infernal spell,  
And sped the Bible o'er the joyful land.  
Altho' barbarian hordes, in former times,  
Drove Martyrs to the stake, laid cities waste,  
Depopulated nations, and consum'd  
The gather'd volumes of some thousand years,  
Yet still this precious gift of God to man  
Escap'd the general wreck (as Christ himself  
Surviv'd, when Herod's wrath slew the "FIRST BORN,"  
Throughout a groaning land) from age to age,  
From saint to saint descended, unprophan'd,  
And from the bosom of this happy Isle  
Now show'rs its healing blessings on the world!  
Taught by experience what divine effects  
The word of God produces on the mind  
Of sinful man, thro' grace regenerate,  
Lo! Albion's sons promote its rapid spread,  
Not only thro' these Isles, but thro' the World!



---

Our learn'd translate it into various tongues,  
And languages, a work of care and toil,  
And waft the precious gift to ev'ry clime.  
To quell all jealousies that might arise  
In churches diverse, lo, it has gone forth  
Of comment shorn—hence Sects who differ wide  
In other points, in this great good unite.  
Comments historical are right ; they cause  
Comparison of facts, which coincide,  
And strengthen faith—Those doctrinal not so ;  
They oft destroy the doctrine, and implant  
Error instead ; yea kindle flames of wrath,  
Such as erst prey'd on Martyrs at the stake.  
Free from our faults, the bible they enjoy,  
And may heav'n write the comment on their hearts !  
The gospel light now dawns on east and west,  
And north and south with transport hail the ray  
Of heav'nly light ! Oh, God ! soon may the day  
Break forth in Majesty, without a cloud,  
And gild the darkest corners of the globe—  
The Vedam, Talmud, and the Alcoran,  
Hide their diminish'd heads—idolatry  
And superstition fly like morning clouds  
Before the sun—may all mankind adore  
The great I AM, Jehovah, LORD OF LORDS,  
And GOD OF GODS,—and righteousness o'er earth  
Spread, as o'er the vast deep the boundless sea.

---

## THE VILLAGE PARSON.

---

He taught the Gospel rather than the Law,  
 And forc'd himself to drive ; but lov'd to draw ;  
 For fear but freezes minds ; but love, like heat,  
 Exhales the soul to seek her native seat.

DRYDEN.



**T**HE Sabbath sun arose—I took my road  
 To A\*\*\*\*\*Y, where deep retir'd abode  
 A Priest of God, a holy rev'rend man,  
 Who preaches truth upon the gospel plan.  
 Through high o'ershadowing groves I pass'd along,  
 Devote to meditation and to song,  
 Till half reveal'd a Village Church arose,  
 And half was screen'd by intervening boughs.  
 Approaching near, the ancient pile I saw,  
 And view'd the structure with delightful awe.  
 The figur'd clock, high from the gothic tow'r,  
 Mechanically just, proclaims the hour,  
 And to the man of mind, at every chime,  
 Sounds a grave lecture on departing time.  
 Around the church in lengthen'd rows are laid  
 The speaking tombs that grace the honour'd dead,  
 And humbler names, beneath the grassy sod,  
 Unknown repose—not less belov'd of God.

Remote from mitred heads, from wrangling schools,  
 And bustling courts, his flock the Parson rules ;  
 To point the path to heav'n his only aim,  
 And preach salvation in the Saviour's name.

---

He fleeceth not his flock—his only care  
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare ;  
To visit those in sickness, and distress,  
And make the pains of soul and body less.

An upright, zealous follower of the Lord,  
He to their HEARTS and HOUSES sends the word ;  
Each lack of knowledge cheerfully supplies,  
Instructs the foolish, and confirms the wise.

He ne'er attempts to make his hearers feel  
By dint of thumping fist, and sounding heel ;  
His heav'nly eloquence, exempt from din,  
Strikes to the heart, without being hammer'd in.

Yet no AUTOMATON—when warm'd, you'll find  
His action flowing from the living mind ;  
But still in gesticure solemn, grave of face,  
And all is done with decency and grace.

Nor do we profit from his leisure less—  
He preaches from the pulpit and the press ;

Whilst others sleep, regardless of his toil,  
Pores o'er his bible by the midnight oil ;  
Well pleas'd, if haply in his search he find

“ SCRIPTURAL EXERCISES ”—for the mind.

Such is the Village Parson, whom I sing,  
A friend to truth, to country, church, and king.

Ye Rev'rends, who presage the overthrow  
Of church and state, and deem all SECTS your foe ;  
“ Go and do likewise ”—raise the drooping head,  
By want oppress'd, and give the orphan bread ;

---

Amongst the poor glean with a sparing hand,  
 And let them taste the comforts of the land ;  
 Act worthy of your calling, preach the truth,  
 And train to holiness our rising youth ;  
 So shall your church from schisms free remain,  
 And with her native lustre blaze again.

---

## POETIC EPISTLE.

---

TO MISS A. NORMAN.

---

OF Amazonian warriors, conqu'ring Queens  
 And feats performed by the old HAS-BEENS ;  
 Of metamorphos'd ladies, stol'n from home  
 By wizard arts, to giant-guarded dome ;  
 Of wand'ring knights, of battles, fields of blood,  
 And men who died of love before the flood ;  
 Of balls and masquerades, of lords and beaux,  
 Of toilets, patches, paints, and billet-doux,  
 Let others sing—my moralizing Muse  
 For her essay the tale of truth shall chuse ;  
 The low, the fabulous, and vain despise,  
 And sing of ANNA—generous, good, and wise.  
 Yet here my own ambition I make known—  
 The Bard who sings your praise must sing his own.

To affluence born, to fortune, pomp, and all  
 Those comforts, which we independence call ;

---

Wise, beauteous, noble, and of taste refin'd,  
A soul enlighten'd, and a polish'd mind ;  
Surrounded by the great on every side,  
And fresh inducements to inculcate pride ;  
With each temptation to allure thy mind  
Against the poorer of thy fellow-kind ;  
How comes it ANNA, that thy spotless soul  
Delights in CHARITY—and spurns the whole ?

'Tis god-like virtue fires thy gen'rous breast  
To melt at woe, and succour the distress ;  
A heav'nly principle that never rolls  
In flinty breasts, nor warms ignoble souls.  
You run from shining rooms, and sounding halls,  
To smoky cottages, and mould'ring walls ;  
From fragrant bow'rs, and the spring-flowered plain,  
To loathsome hovels of disease and pain ;  
Free from vain pride, approach the humble door,  
And kindly mingle with the tatter'd poor ;  
Pursue distress into her last retreat,  
Revive the sick, and bid the hungry eat.  
Want is a sight thou canst not coldly bear,  
Out comes thy purse—half-out the stifled tear !  
The orphans are reliev'd with timely food,  
And praise, by turns, kind Anna and their God.

True “ charity begins at home,”—and you  
Still keep the spirit of the text in view.

---

Why ship donations to Iberia's shore,  
While want of bread destroys our native poor ?  
'Tis pride, not charity, that swells the list ;  
The last in feeling may in cash be first ;  
My LORD who gave four thousand pounds, denied  
Four pence to SHEELA—who crawl'd home, and died !  
I would to Heav'n that Albion's daughters were  
Like thee—as charitable as they're fair !  
Then would the social virtues widely spread,  
And feed our starving poor with “ daily bread ;”  
Cheer the faint husband, and the famish'd wife  
Restore—who dies to give her infant life ;  
And such in M—ch—r of late hath been  
The case of mothers ?—sad heart-rending scene !

Thy study of diseases, and their cures,  
In common cases thy success insures ;  
And with a hand as tender as thy heart,  
Thou dost perform the Æsculapian art ;  
Prepare the simple potion with such skill,  
That if it will not cure—it cannot kill !  
Such caution in your sex their fame secures,  
The want of it oft blasts the fame of ours.

Ye learned Doctors, curious to extol,  
And press the moral virtues on the soul,  
Ye think ye stand acquitted when ye shew  
Your flocks the way, and have no more to do.

Good works and charity you boldly teach,  
 But leave your flocks to practice what you preach.  
 O Doctor's ! if not words but actions speak,  
 You're dumb—and Anna preaches all the week !

May mine, O Anna ! never be thy case—  
 May want ne'er spread the blush on thy sweet face.  
 O may thy purse thy good intent ne'er foil,  
 But serve thee like the widow's cruise of oil,  
 And still supply thy bounteous hand with wealth,  
 Which takes delight in doing good by stealth,—  
 So shall the needy poor of Erin share  
 Thy goodness, and repay thy love with pray'r.  
 The Norman name to Albion was well known,  
 Great in the field, and glorious on the throne ;  
 In charity's wide field you brighter shine,  
 And lead the virtues forth to deeds divine ;  
 Acquire less boasted, but more solid fame,  
 And add fresh laurels to the Norman name.

---

## TO PEACE.



O PEACE, thou white-wing'd messenger of heaven,  
 From earth long absent, joyful let us hail  
 Thy mild return ! and while these happy isles  
 Thou dost revisit, pour the wine and oil  
 Of health and comfort in a nation's wounds.  
 Nor be thy visit short ; for he whose hand



Hurl'd the red bolts of desolating war  
 On many nations, the proud **CORSICAN**,  
 Is now dethron'd, a fugitive forlorn,  
 Of honours and usurped titles shorn.  
 Him, conscience in the solitary hour  
 Shall sting with keen remorse, when she displays  
 To his dark eye a list of his foul deeds ;  
 While he, perchance amid the gloomy woods  
 Or rocky cliffs of Elba, feels the curse  
 Of solitude—from **GALLIA** far exil'd.

Thrice welcome **PEACE** ! no more the trumpet's sound  
 Shall rouse the soldier from his midnight dream,  
 To grasp his sword, and rush amid the fight.  
 Hush'd is the din of arms ;—from many a shore,  
 But chief from **GALLIA**'s, shall the **BRITISH TROOPS**,  
 Led by fam'd **WELLINGTON**, and his compeers,  
 Return with laurels, and with glory crown'd.  
 War drops her bloody truncheon ; Literature  
 Resumes her pen ; proud Commerce spreads her sail ;  
 And Arts, and Manufactures thrive apace.  
 Cities and villas, which the despot's hand  
 Hath laid in ruin, **PHŒNIX-LIKE** shall rise  
 Out of their ashes, and in time resume  
 Their strength and beauty ;—and the soil untill'd,  
 And waste by War, beneath the Peasant's hand  
 Shall wave with bearded grain, and **Ceres** smile.  
 Religion smiles ! the Missioner proceeds



---

Uninterrupted in his God-like plan,  
And spreads the Gospel thro' the Heathen World.

Yet are there evils consequent on WAR,  
O PEACE, that all thy blessings cannot cure !  
Canst thou unto depopulated France  
Restore her legions, whose unburied bones  
Lie bare, and bleaching in the northern blast ?  
Or raise the lover from the heaving turf,  
At SALAMANCA, where he lies entomb'd,  
To wipe the swelling tear from beauty's eye,  
And bid the maid of Albion to rejoice ?  
Ah no ! ah no ! " may the green sod lie light  
Upon their breasts," and laurels deck their graves,  
To tell the Traveller—HERE LIES THE BRAVE !  
But if thou canst not cure, 'tis thine to mar  
Return of like disaster ; thine to tame  
Wild war, and stay the havoc of the field ;—  
To burst the prison-door, and usher joy  
And freedom to the captive in his cell ;—  
To give those gallant heroes, who survive,  
Back to their families, to friends and love ;—  
And in the bonds of union reconcile  
Contending nations, and from pole to pole  
Waft sweet philanthropy, and friendship bland.

O may thy reign diffuse the glorious dawn  
Of the MILLENIUM, by Seers foretold,

When men shall beat their swords into ploughshares  
 Well-fitting to upturn the fruitful glebe ;  
 And warlike spears to useful pruning hooks,  
 To mow the yellow harvest ; when mankind,  
 Bound in one universal bond of love,  
 And PEACE—"SHALL LEARN THE ART OF WAR NO MORE !"

---

### MY LITTLE WIFE.

Occasioned by reading "My Little Boy," and "My Little Child."

~ ~

MY Little Wife we bards should sing  
 Before "My Little Boy,"  
 Or "Little Child"—if lawful spring  
 Those pledges of our joy.  
 The tender name my heart regards,  
 Sweet solace of my life—  
 While songs of babes charm other bards,  
 I'll sing my—Little Wife.

My Little Wife with love sincere,  
 And warmest friendship, glows ;  
 Her neck is as the lily fair,  
 Her cheek is like the rose :  
 Yet all the fragrant flow'rs gay spring  
 Awakes to blooming life,  
 Joy to my heart can never bring,  
 Like my sweet—Little Wife.

My Little Wife looks faint and pale,  
 The lustre leaves her eye ;  
 Her speaking looks unfold a tale—  
 Her travail hour draws nigh !  
 My soul is sad, ev'n to excess,  
 I tremble for her life,  
 And fervent pray, that heav'n may bless,  
 And spare my—Little Wife.

My Little Wife once more looks gay,  
 Health sparkles in her eye,  
 Upon her cheek warm blushes play,  
 And spread their crimson die.  
 I view renew'd, with heart-felt joy,  
 Her vital spark of life ;  
 And, pleasing sight, a smiling boy  
 Delights my—Little Wife.

---

## CREATION OF WOMAN.

---

“ Then God,  
 Created Woman with a smile of grace,  
 And left the *smile* that *made* Her, on her face.”  
 SHEFFIELD BARD.

---

MAN is by nature, clumsy, strong and rough,  
 Woman, weak, timid, delicate, and fair,  
 Hence some Philosophers think, sure enough,  
 That they are made of diff'rent stuff,  
 Like Holland delph, and China ware!

Indeed!—the Bard of Sheffield solves the doubt,  
 By proving we are all one flesh and blood,  
 And shews Philosophers are sadly out,  
 And all their arguments doth rout  
 In his strange—"WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD."\*

His reason why that Woman is so nice,  
 So winning our affections to beguile,—  
 From dross refin'd, lo! she's created twice,  
 First finely form'd by the all ALL-WISE,  
 And then "created" by a "SMILE!"

Antideluvian Bard, I can't agree  
 With these Philosophers, nor thy creations;  
 The flesh and blood of all the same must be,  
 Even of the Guinea Slaye and thee,—  
 But "SMILES" could never people nations.

"Woman," made of man's Rib, stuff rather "fine-ish,"  
 Gives us at once a simple definition;  
 Beneath the second-touch her faults diminish,  
 And give her form a dashing finish—  
 As Books improve each—"New Edition."

---

\* Had we no other accounts of "The World before the Flood" than these handed down to us by Diodorus Siculus, Ovid, Lucretius, and Josephus it might be some apology for a Christian Writer embarking in the Skiff of Fiction, and attempting to paddle his way across the Flood to the Antideluvian World—but he who attempted it in these latter days must be inexcusable, if he has read, "Moses and the Prophets."

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### EPIGRAM.

**MILTON**, whose verse applauding realms extoll,  
 For genius, and unbounded flights of soul ;  
 In point of reading far surpass'd mankind,  
 And, shorn of sight, wrote best when he was blind ;  
 And hence of him it may be truly said,  
 That he hath written more than he hath read !

---

### EPITAPH,

On the late Mr. S\*\*\*H, of Newcastle-under-Lyme.

---

**HERE** stop ye aged, stop ye rising youth,  
 And hear, for once, a marble tell the truth :  
 Beneath are laid—deny the fact who can—  
 The hallow'd ashes of an honest man.  
 And if the Gods in goodness take delight,  
 If grace and truth are lovely in their sight ;  
 If there's a future place of happiness  
 Beyond the grave, where souls inherit bliss ;  
 A heaven, a paradise, or fields of air,  
 Where dwell the just—the soul of S\*\*\*H is there.

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## TO A PROFILIST.

— 600 —

**F**IRST from the shadow, on the polish'd wall,  
 Were took those faces which profile we call ;  
 The first was drawn by a Corinthian Dame,\*  
 Who by the art immortaliz'd her name ;  
 From posture next, improvement on her plan,  
 The Artist with the pencil took the man ;  
 Yet oft the lines, when blemishes prevail'd,  
 Were taught to flatter, and the likeness fail'd.  
 But how to form machines to take the face,  
 With nice precission, in one minute's space ;  
 To paint with bold unerring certainty  
 The face profile, in tints that time defy ;  
 Where all allow the likeness to agree—  
 This honour, **FORSTER**, was reserv'd for thee.

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## BONAPARTE AND NEY.

**Q**UOTH Ney to Bonaparte, "Alas, my Liege,  
 These Russian bears have led us a fool-dance!  
 I fear the **FROST** shall very soon oblige  
 Our shivering legions to return to France!"

---

\* The daughter of a potter at Corinth pencilled out the shade of her lover on the wall, while he slept, which her father filled up with clay, and baked the image in his furnace; thus producing the first made portrait of a human face.

When ghastly Boney, with one leg stretch'd out,  
 And leaning on his sword in deep despair,  
 With his right hand clasp'd on his freezing snout  
 Sigh'd, and return'd for answer, " Ah, Monsieur,  
 Ere now the Russian empire had lain low,  
 And all her bears been forc'd their paws to suck,  
 Only those fierce old Generals, KUT-US-so,  
 And KUT-US-OFF—Ah, sad reverse of luck!"

### EPIGRAM.



SAYS Pat to John Bull, chatting over their glass,  
 " Arrah honey, pray tell me how it comes to pass,  
 That your Parliament houses are both built so small  
 They can't afford room for Lords French and Fingall?"

" Friend Pat they're built so for a very good reason,  
 To keep your lords out who were suckl'd on treason;  
 Their entrance would make both our houses too hot—  
 For Pat you remember the Gunpowder Plot!"

" Plot here, or plot there, by St. Patrick its wrong,  
 Their admittance would make them more sure and  
 more strong;

And my reason is this—Would it not be uncivil  
 In the Papists to blow their own Lords to the Devil?"



“ False logic ! false logic ! ” cries John, “ by the  
pow’rs !

They would blow up their Lords, could they blow them  
with ours ? ”

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## A QUERY.

---

“ **MAN** know thyself,”—exclaim’d an ancient Sage,  
“ For this is wisdom in its highest stage ; ”—  
Tom “ knows himself,” but knows he is a fool ;  
Yet Tom’s a wise man, by the sage’s rule !  
Now, sapient reader, tell me, if you can,  
Is Tom an arrant fool, or a wise man ?

---

## ANSWER.

---

**SIR**, I have read your “ Query ” with delight,  
And dare affirm, the “ Sage ” was wrong,—and right !  
With deference to the Soeratean school,  
No man is wise, who knows he is a fool ;  
The knowledge of his folly ne’er supplies  
His lack of wisdom—nor can make him wise.  
Can knowledge of his slav’ry free the slave,  
Or sense of cowardice make cowards brave ;

---

Can consciousness of blindness, pour the light  
Upon the darken'd eye, and give it sight ;  
Or sense of sickness cheer with rosy health,  
Or knowledge of our poverty give wealth ?  
No—then, contrary to the Sage's rule,  
“ Tom knows himself a Fool ” —and is a Fool.

But Socrates, the pride of ancient schools,  
Alludes to men of common sense—not fools ;—  
“ Man know thyself ” —know thy own pow'rs of mind,  
Know why created, and for what design'd ;  
Keep truth in view, all selfish aims despise,  
Act for the public good, and thou art wise.  
Do you desire the pulpit, or the bar,  
To shine in senates, or command in war ;  
To guide vast navies o'er the rolling main,  
Or marshal hosts upon th' embattl'd plain ;  
To scan the stars, and rolling orbs of light,  
And trace the comets in their awful flight ;  
To tune the lyre, bid heav'nly music flow,  
Or teach the speaking canvas how to glow ;  
Or polish'd arts, and shining arms refuse,  
And, smit with love of song, invoke the Muse ;  
Whate'er your bent of Genius, “ know ” it well,  
And firmly cleave to that, and you'll excel.  
But spurn ambition—“ know ” you are a clod  
Of earth, and He who gave you life is God.  
Now, Querist, read impartially this mite  
Of simple song, and own the Sage was—Right.

---

## THE LAZY PORTER.

---

A GENTLEMAN, late, travelling through the Town  
Of Manchester, for commerce famous once,  
Beheld a groupe of Porters squatted down  
Upon the flags, and basking in the sun,  
As still as Indian Bramins in a trance :

He slacken'd step, upon the squad look'd down,  
And thought of an expedient to arouse them ;  
“ Here, my fine lads, if you're not in a swoon,  
“ The laziest of you shall have this half-crown” —  
When most upon their bottoms bump did souse them !

They reach'd their hands ; —but, lo, the man of fun  
Witheld the proffer'd gift, to their surprize !  
And hailing one, who still bask'd in the sun,  
Said, “ My fine fellow you the prize have won,  
Who neither mov'd your limbs, nor op'd your eyes.”

He op'd his eyes, to shew he was awake,  
And gave them a half-roll within their socket,  
Yet mov'd not, nor put forth his hand to take  
The gift—but whisper'd soft, “ for goodness sake  
Sir, if its good, do put it in my pocket !”

---

## THE OUTCAST POPE.



IN days of yore, his Holiness,  
To try the next life, parted this ;  
His soul shook off the pamper'd clay,  
And upward wing'd th' aerial way,  
To find, what's fam'd in Romish story,  
A cleansing place call'd purgatory.  
As when by storms, from mead or tree,  
Some island bird is forc'd to sea,  
Tir'd on the wing it roves about,  
Some kind asylum to find out,  
But roves in vain, the deep appears  
Below, and all within are fears :—  
So, blown from earth, the Pope long sought  
For purgatory, but found it not ;  
Ten thousand fears distract his soul,  
To think he cannot find the goal ;  
He frets and raves at his sad doom,  
And execrates the Church of Rome.

At length he 'spy'd heav'n's shining gate,  
And knock'd, irrev'rent, in his heat ;  
He louder knock'd, and louder still,  
When Peter—" Whence ? your name ? and will ?"  
His Holiness—" From earth I came,  
The Pope has been my common name ;

---

But in our church, each learn'd professor  
Call'd me Christ's vicar, and your successor ;  
And, what to heretics seem'd odd,  
They styl'd me oft Almighty God—  
Therefore, great founder of our church,  
Let me pass in thro' this bright porch."  
Quoth Peter—" Vain are all thy hopes,  
This gate hath ne'er admitted Popes ;  
And what may sound much stranger still,  
It will not now, nor ever will !  
You must go seek some new abode  
Befitting for a popish God !

Now Peter shut the gate and left  
The Pope, of ev'ry hope bereft ;  
Who sorely griev'd, with fury fell,  
Sought out the gloomy gate of hell ;  
He knock'd—a demon quickly came,  
And bade him to send in his name :  
" Tell Lucifer," quoth he, " the Pope  
Depends on him, his latest hope ;  
As heav'n is shut, he hopes to dwell  
With him, and share the throne of hell."  
" A Pope ! a Pope !" the demon cried,  
" A Pope ! a Pope !" all hell reply'd ;  
When Lucifer, from chair of state,  
Cried, " rush, and double bolt each gate ;  
And tell him in an hour, or so,  
That he may have a word or two."

Meantime old Satan muster'd up  
 His courage, to approach the Pope :  
 And whilst he shook, half dead with fear,  
 Cried out—" No Pope must enter here ;  
 You that on earth did eat your God,  
 And feast upon his flesh and blood ;  
 I can't admit you at my peril,  
 Lest you in hell should—EAT THE DEVIL !"

---

## THE CONTRAST.

SOME ancient Monks were wont to whip their skins,  
 With rods and thongs, to purge away their sins ;  
 From meat abstain'd, and the delicious bowl,  
 'Till little else of them remain'd but soul ;  
 As if the orders were to Peter giv'n,  
 That none but skeletons should enter heav'n !  
 Our modern Priests blame the monastic group,  
 Who spurn'd the bowl, good meat, and turtle soup ;  
 Deem rods and thongs, and abstinence accurst,  
 And stuff their skins till they are—like to burst ;  
 As if St. Peter's orders were—were what ?  
 That none should enter heaven who were not fat !

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## THE DEVIL AND MISTER GRUNDY.

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“**M**AN was made upright”—but his **W**IFE  
 Embitter’d all the sweets of life ;  
 And plung’d the world in moral evil,  
 By taking counsel of the Devil ;  
 So says the Bible—I believe it—why ?  
 It is the word of God, and cannot lie.

Yet there are men who dare advance  
 “There is no Devil—stuff—romance!”  
 One said so in the pulpit, Sir, last Sunday—  
 Sad infidel this doctrine to deny,—  
 And give the sacred text the lie !  
 Who was he ? Mister Grundy.

But Grundy says,  
 (For which we give him praise)  
 That he admits the influence of Evil ;—  
 Hence evil must exist ; if so, a devil,  
 Or fiend, or demon of that name,  
 From whom this evil came ;  
 For evil could not emanate from God,  
 Who is all-perfect, and all-good.

These eighteen hundred years, and more,  
 (Exclusive of what past before



Among the Jews, the Patirarchs, and Sages

In former ages)

We find the gentry of the gown

Us'd all their skill to preach the devil down.

But since the arch fiend enter'd one day

Into the body of this Grundy,

As into Judas, when he took the cup ;

Our modern gown-men, to secure their bread,

And guard against decay of trade,

Use all their skill to—Preach the Devil Up !

---

## EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

Occasioned by reading the “ Works of Mrs. Worth.”

When the world began,  
One common mass compos'd the mould of man ;  
The same Almighty power inspir'd the frame  
With kindled life—and form'd the souls the same.

DRYDEN.

**H**EAUV'N every grace in woman's form combin'd—

“ True,” cries the Cynic, “ but she's void of mind !

In arts and sciences she can't excel,

But keep her to her toilet, and all's well ;

Or if, perchance, she condescend to grace

The kitchen with her presence, that's her place ;

Affairs domestic are her proper sphere—

Here she was born to rule—and only here.”

---

The mild Philanthropist, of glowing heart,  
 The Cynic spurns, and takes the woman's part.  
 "All souls," quoth he, "are equal, and bestow'd  
 On Adam's race, by an impartial God :  
 Can new-born Males give proof that they possess  
 More sense than Females—or that they have less ?  
 At birth great Newton gave no hopes of mind,  
 And future worth, more than the cottage hind.  
 The pow'rs of soul by learning are made known,  
 And mind, if not improv'd, is next to none.  
 Hence souls are equal—but, matur'd, we find  
 Man is more prone to cultivate his mind ;  
 To arts and sciences he gives his hours,  
 And bids the soul expand its\* noblest powers ;  
 Here first the inequality began,  
 Not only with the Sexes—but with Man.  
 When lovely woman cultivates her mind,  
 Her thoughts are noble, and her sense refin'd ;  
 Her eloquence can our rapt souls engage,  
 Or issuing from the closet, or the stage ;  
 Nor will she in heroic virtues yield,  
 So oft victorious in th' embattl'd field.†  
 Refin'd in literature, and skill'd in war,  
 Say, why exclude fair Woman from the bar ?  
 Why bolt the pulpit door upon the maid,  
 And guard the mitre from the lovely head ?

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\* QUERY.—Are there any distinction of sex in souls ?—† See  
 "Female Worthies,"—and "Biographical Dictionary of Cele-  
 brated Women."

---

The cause of truth would prosper in her hand,  
 And stern injustice fly a groaning land ;  
 The libertine attend the house of pray'r,  
 And be converted by the preaching Fair !  
 Say, Mister Cynic, why should men, alone,  
 Fill offices, when women fill a throne ?  
 First give equality of office—then  
 You'll find our Women equal with our Men."

Well said, Philanthropist ! the Cynic, sour,  
 We must condemn, and yield to reason's pow'r.  
 With arts and arms what Females have been crown'd,  
 Alike in science and in arms renown'd ?  
 What numbers, smitten with poetic lays,  
 Have woo'd the Muse, and won unfading bays,  
 Whilst rhyming Gown-men could not gain one sprig,  
 To stick, like Peter Pindar, in their wig ?  
 Can travell'd Byron, and the local Scott,  
 With Rowe and Dacier rank ?—some fancy not !  
 Of Pratts and Southey's say how many score  
 Would match Miss Carter, and Miss Hannah More ?  
 Too long the task to tell each Female name,  
 Whose piety and genius gain'd them fame !  
 Here is equality—but it were well  
 If Men in vice so much did not excell ;  
 Our Paines, and Humes, and Bollingbrookes surpass,  
 In infidelity, our Female class ;  
 From ties of conscience, and religion freed,  
 Here Man can claim pre-eminence indeed !

But, subject of my song, too long delay'd,  
 Sweet Poetess, who flourish'd in the shade ;  
 Let me, with sacred awe a tribute pay,  
 Departed WORTH, to thy surviving lay.  
 Morality, and piety combine  
 To gild thy page, and grace the flowing line,  
 Where Scotia's learn'd Reviewers long may pore,  
 And bite the lip—but can do nothing more !  
 Should Albion's critics by their touch-stone try  
 Thy verse—thy verse would all their spleen defy !  
 And why? because a reading world must own  
 Such a production seldom hath been known ;  
 Whoever reads thy lay, the rich, the poor,  
 Learn'd, or unlearn'd, the courtier, or the boor,  
 Reviewers, Bards, Priests, Sages, and so forth,  
 Must all exclaim, why these are—"WORKS OF WORTH!"

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## ON THE DEATH

OF

The REV. THOMAS COKE, who died on his passage to Bombay,  
 in the East Indies.

WHEN private worth departs, around the bier  
 From sympathetic souls the tear may flow ;  
 But public worth calls forth the public tear—  
 A nation's loss demands a nation's woe.

---

COKE is no more ! the Wesleyan church may weep,  
And veil in mourning her dejected head ;  
Her son lies buried in the Indian deep,  
The wave his shroud, and number'd with the dead.

No pompous bust, no monument shall rise,  
To grace his urn, or point the hallow'd spot ;  
But COKE shall live immortal in our sighs,  
Live in our hearts, and never be forgot.

Whilst Gown-men bask'd in luxury and ease,  
With life's best comforts at their sole command,  
He bore privations on the stormy seas,  
To preach the Gospel in a foreign land.

In perils oft by land and sea, the path  
Of rectitude and holiness he trod,  
To cheer the Heathen with the Christian Faith,  
And guide the sable nations unto God.

To north and south, to east and west he bore  
" Glad tidings of great joy," to all mankind ;  
Bade Revelation cheer the darksome shore,  
And Gospel light illumine the savage mind.

Nor could the tempest, or the dashing wave,  
Dismay the man of God, or damp his zeal ;  
His only wish, lost fellow-men to save,—  
For this he climb'd the rock, and spread the sail.

---

They who turn many unto righteousness,  
Shall as the stars of Heaven with glory shine;  
In Heaven enjoy the highest seats of bliss—  
And such reward, immortal COKE! is thine.

Worn in his Master's service, full of years,  
And full of grace, his labours he pursu'd;  
With eloquence sublime, and melting tears,  
The sinner to the paths of virtue woo'd.

But when expounding the bless'd Word of Truth,  
And guiding Christians to the heavenly goal,  
He shook off age, resum'd the fire of youth,  
And wrapt in holy transport, seem'd all soul!

There are who kindred claim, in point of Creed,  
Fanatics, who glad tidings would dispense;  
O'er these he shone pre-eminent indeed,—  
Pre-eminent in virtue and good sense.

Peace to thy manes, COKE! no more the rod  
Of persecution shall assail thy head;  
Rest happy in the bosom of thy God—  
Thy adversaries can't disturb the dead.

Oft have I heard thee, very oft indeed,  
Comment upon thy "Journals" with thy text;  
But O, thrice happy, could we mortals read,  
Thy "Journal" from this world into the next!

But that's deny'd—Death draws his curtain round  
 Departed souls, and hides them from our view ;  
 There's no repassing the eternal mound,  
 You can't return—but we must follow you.

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## ASSASSINATION.

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— — —

E'ER since the fatal hour when murderous Cain  
 In Abel's blood embu'd his savage hands,  
 And rous'd the ire of heav'n, each rising age,  
 And generation, o'er the peopl'd world,  
 Assassins held accurs'd ;—there most, where light,  
 And truth, and knowledge, civiliz'd mankind.  
 The Law, which God on Sinai's sacred top  
 Presented Moses, said "THOU SHALT NOT KILL!"  
 But modern sycophants, who thirst for blood,  
 New-mould the text, erase th' emphatic "NOT,"  
 And tell the world, unblushing, "THOU SHALT—KILL!"  
 'Tis true the God of Israel sanction'd war,  
 Inspir'd the hero with a martial flame,  
 And bade the valiant lead the battle forth  
 To crush the Heathen ;—but we no where find  
 Assassination sanctioned ; no command  
 To urge the dark Assassin's coward arm.  
 Such the Mosiac Law ; but plainer still  
 The Gospel Dispensation, which forbids  
 Not only murder, but what Statesman call



War honourable—and mild Peace enjoins.  
And can it be, in this enlighten'd age  
Bless'd with the Gospel's universal spread,  
With arts and sciences, and knowledge fraught,  
That there exists within these Christian realms  
A villain that would bid th' Assassin strike,  
'The culprit screen, and glory in the deed?  
Yes—Britain, blush! thy sons (who far as seas  
Have roll'd their waves, or human footstep trod,  
Are fam'd for honor, valor, and emprise,)  
Now court Assassination! Bonaparte,  
By secret dagger, or the poison'd bowl,  
Or “any mean” within the reach of man,  
Must fall a victim to appease, to slake,  
This thirst for blood, this Tiger-thirst for prey!  
The “Stage” is loudly call'd on to instil  
This bloody doctrine of necessity  
Into our noble youth of ev'ry class;  
And shocking thought! the “Pulpit,” where the Priest  
Of God expounds the sacred text, must preach  
Assassination!—Oh, forbid it heaven!

Admitting this wild doctrine to prevail,  
What the sure consequence? no law could bind  
The profligate of heart—crowns would sit loose  
On royal heads—a swarm of BELLINGHAMS,  
More daring than the first, would throng the land,  
And anarchy ensue—what could secure

Or wealth, or beauty? what from brutal men  
 Sweet innocence protect? the smiling babe,  
 And hoary Sire, alike would be denied  
 Fond care, and reverence meet—precarious life,  
 Now more precarious, no good law could guard  
 From the fell fury of th' Assassin's arm.—  
 Curs'd doctrine! and its advocates accursed!

To his immortal honor fame records  
 That Fox (a statesman, and a patriot firm,  
 As e'er adorn'd our Isle,) indignant spurn'd  
 The villain\* from his sight, who from the shores  
 Of Gallia came, on murderous intent,—  
 And nobly put Nypoleon on his guard!  
 What tho' a foe, great Fox disdain'd to league  
 With the Assassin, conscious that all the waves  
 Which wash our shores, could never wash away  
 The foul dishonor of so black a crime.  
 Shall Britons, fam'd for valor in the fight,  
 And mercy to the vanquish'd, stoop to stain  
 Their fame and glory by an act so base?  
 No—let malicious Journalists† spit forth

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\* Guillet de la Gevrilliere—vide Annual Register for 1806.

† It gives me pleasure to state, for the honour of our country, and religion, that the Ministerial Journalist, whose egotic columns first sounded the Tocsin of Assassination, is neither a Briton nor a christian, but a Dutch Jew. When this champion of assassination was so often admitted into the presence of the Corsican Tyrant, why did he not plunge a dagger in his heart, and prove to the world the sincerity of his doctrine, by putting it in practice? Perhaps he thought it would be less injurious to his health to use the goose quill in England, than the pointed steel in France.

Their coward spleen, remote from scenes of war,  
 As from true courage, and a noble mind ;  
 Their hate prepense, and speculative guilt,  
 Cannot infect our SOLDIERS, who are MEN.  
 Beneath the banners of bright honor rang'd,  
 In the embattl'd field they'll seek the foe  
 On equal footing, justice on their side,  
 And die, or conquer, like their valiant sires  
 At Cressy, and Poicters, in days of yore ;  
 And, power supreme ! if Bonaparte must fall  
 In the fierce conflict, may a British arm  
 That scorns Assassination, deal the blow.

1812.

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## AN ENIGMA.

BY JAMES STUART,



**BEFORE** the moon, resplendent queen of night,  
 O'er heav'n's pure azure shed her silver light,  
 And ere the sun, refulgent orb of day,  
 Pour'd o'er the earth his all diffusive ray,  
 I was ; and circling round the blest abodes,  
 Coeval flourish'd with the God of gods.  
 Sole witness I, when spirits, suns and earth,  
 At his grand fiat trembled into birth.  
 I reign'd ere time his minutes counted o'er,  
 My reign shall last, when time shall be no more.

---

Say who can fly me? mount the realms of air,  
Or fathom ocean's depth, and I am there ;  
Or if perchance, you like the journey well,  
Plunge to the darkest shades of deepest hell :  
'There also, I extend my ample reign,  
Midst shrieks and groans of agonizing pain.  
All things above, below, or great or small,  
Are full of me, and I am full of all ;  
Tho motionless I am, yet without me,  
No motion is, no change can ever be :  
Tho' Kings might strive in vain, with power, or art,  
To move my most minutely trivial part,  
Yet smallest atoms pierce me thro' with ease,  
And I am previous to the gentle breeze.  
You ask my shape ; a mighty sphere am I,  
Greater than earth, and air, and sea and sky :  
Where e're you go, whatever spot you enter,  
Here, there, and every where, is placed my centre ;  
But no where my periphery ; and hence  
You seek in vain for my circumference.  
Yet tho' I am this vast, unwieldly thing,  
You'll find me in the circle of a ring,  
Such as queen Mab, or fairy Puck might wear,  
Or gay Titania with the golden hair :  
Nay in the pupil of a midge's eye,  
Beyond thy prying search secure I lie.  
In fine, I neither matter am nor spirit,  
So guess my name, and I allow you merit.

ARMAGH, APRIL 4, 1810.

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## ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA,

BY MR. JAMES STUART.

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**ILLUSTRIOUS** Empress, speechless till this hour,  
High is thy origin, and wide thy pow'r.  
Before the planetary hosts of light  
Round earth commenc'd their ceaseless chase of night  
Thou wast; and flourish'd with the God of Gods,  
Coeval, perhaps more, in blest abodes,  
For how could God, or angel, e'er exist,  
Except that prior you receiv'd them first?  
Sole witness thou when all created things  
Were call'd to being by the King of Kings.  
You reign'd ere time his minutes counter o'er;  
Time can't without you count one minute more.  
When worlds in curling smoke, and flaming fire  
Depart, your reign shall last, you can't expire.  
Say who can fly me? not the Bird of Jove,  
Nor yelling fiends that on wild whirlwinds rove;  
Thro' ocean's depths you ope a mystic way  
For huge Leviathan; king of the sea;  
You reign in darkest shades of deepest hell,  
And aid the motion of Ixion's wheel;  
Your presence heightens hell; without your reign  
The damn'd could neither shriek nor taste of pain.  
All things above, and all things here below,  
To you their places and dimensions owe.

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All things are full of you, whate'er their size,  
You full of all, for nought beyond you lies.  
You're motionless, and yet without your aid  
No force could act, no motion could be made.  
You bid the stars to shine, and planets roll,  
And waft the mariners from pole to pole;  
Bid jarring nations rush to hostile war,  
And raise the sword that gives the bloody scar.  
Should you depart, the dazzling orbs of light  
Would cease to penetrate the shades of night;  
The ship would sit firm-rooted on the main,  
And the rais'd sword would never fall again;  
A world of statues would all life o'erwhelm,  
Like Thompson's pilot "frozen to the helm."  
Kings strive in vain to move thy smallest part,  
Form'd of one whole, and boundless as thou art;  
Yet thro' thy heart Lucretius' atoms hurl'd,  
May fly—and chance to make another world!  
Your shape a sphere, whose mighty circle giv'n,  
Exceeds earth, air, sea, sky, and hell and heav'n.  
The omnipresent God, who reigns above,  
In thy vast circle hath but room to move,  
His feet thy centre, lo! his arms, stretch'd out,  
Meter thy circumference, without a doubt!  
We'll find you in the circle of a ring,  
Which Mab, or Puck might wear—a wond'rous thing!  
But if this ring fit Mab or Puck right well,  
Between it and the finger you can't dwell.



You grace the midge's eye, whose optic ball,  
 Without thy presence could not move at all,  
 But look one way ; or circling change its plan,  
 Like Alligators when they chase a man.  
 Your strange effects we trace, like those of wind,  
 Tho' you lie hid the ether veil behind.  
 You can't be matter ; all man's efforts then  
 To move, or aim at motion, would be vain ;  
 Much less a spirit—this idea's odd !  
 Coeval, you would then be God with God ;  
 Fam'd Empress, if I don't mistake your face,  
 I think the ancient Sages call'd you—SPACE.

LONDONDERRY, APRIL 7, 1810.

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## THE BAKER-STREET MANIAC.

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AH ! who is this in fashionable style,  
 In Baker-street, surrounded by the throng,  
 On whose red cheek plays the bewilder'd smile,  
 Whose voice melodious chaunts the random song ?

A maid insane ! a wanderer lovely wild,  
 Her like the passengers before ne'er saw ;  
 And oft to them she says in accent mild,  
 " Do buy my matches."—pointing to her straw !



Yes, straw—her basket nothing else contains,  
And men of feeling a few bundles buy ;  
She smiles, well pleas'd, puts up the trifling gains,  
Now sings, and now her matches prides to cry.

Ill-fated Anna ! why has reason fled ?

Hath some inconstant lover wrought thee woe ?  
Has one more faithful mingled with the dead ?  
Or some seducer prov'd thy overthrow ?

Woe to the youth who could inconstant prove,  
And stamp such sorrow on so sweet a face ;  
And woe to him, who with false vows of love,  
Could rob thee of thy virtue—or thy peace.

A noise is heard—all cease to eye her charms,  
And turn to view a panting stanger near—  
He clasps the phrenzied Anna in his arms,  
And bathes her cheek with the parental tear.

“ And have I found thee, wanderer lovely wild,  
(Here every eye was fixt upon the pair)  
“ Ye gracious powers, and have I found my child,  
“ My wandering child ! sad victim to despair !”

With fixed gaze she mark'd his swift approach,  
A Father still her wandering sense rever'd,  
She gave her hand, with playful smile took coach,  
And, crying “ buy my matches”—disappear'd.

How like Maria !—let my prayers attend  
 Thee, hapless Anna, joyless as thou art;  
 Heaven grant some gentle Sterne may prove thy friend,  
 And sooth the sorrows of thy heaving heart.

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## SOLILOQUY

### ON THE LAST SHILLING.

~~~~~Men counsel refuse,  
 Till the lecture comes from the *last Shilling*.  
 DIBBIN.

AS when the golden Sun plays his last beam  
 At eve, upon the Pilgrim, journeying far  
 From house and home ; while darkness mars his path,  
 A solemn melancholy fills his soul,  
 And half unmans him ; but anon his eye  
 Beholds the silver Moon the welkin climb,  
 In cloudless splendour, and his heart, late sad,  
 Beats joyous, while he plods his lonely way.  
 So I, lone journeying thro' this wayward world,  
 Of home and friends bereft, with grief beheld  
 My Guinea vanish ; but desponding thoughts  
 Were far remov'd, when from the dark recess  
 Of leathern fob a Shilling show'd its face,  
 With majesty imprest—a fine Queen Anne !

But soon, thou cheerer of my lonely hours,  
 Thou constant friend, when human friendships fail,  
 Soon, my LAST SHILLING, thou and I must part!  
 E'en now dire thirst assails my parched throat,  
 Thou must go hence—here, waiter, bring me change.  
 And art thou gone? Yes, woe is me, thou'rt gone—  
 Farewell! Farewell! depriv'd of thee I feel  
 The curse and pressure of this COPPER AGE!  
 Without thee tho' I can do passing well,  
 Cheer'd with the hope of thy benign return,  
 Some future period to my vacant fob,  
 Yet when I view the hoary Sire bent down  
 With years, and leaning on his trembling staff;  
 His hand stretch'd out, and speaking eye uprais'd  
 Imploring alms—thy absence I deplore,  
 And blame my unpropitious stars that doom'd  
 Me to an empty purse—and feeling heart!

O where soe'er thou wanderest, scorn to mix  
 With Local Tokens, fraudulent, and base,  
 And deem'd unworthy of the Royal head.  
 Unhallow'd Coiners shun, lest they presume,  
 In evil hour, with sacrilegious hands,  
 To force thee into Crucible, and quite  
 Destroy thy lovely form—perchance dissolv'd  
 To silver foul alloy, and cheat mankind.  
 O shun (if thy good stars permit) the hand  
 Of griping Miser, and his iron chest;

Whether he wears the mitre or the cowl,  
The sword or sickle, in what shape soe'er  
He comes, in ev'ry shape the wretch detest.  
Shun knaves of every class, even from the court  
To the domestic cot, whether they veil  
Their aims with frown of stern authority,  
Or hypocritic smile of seeming grace,  
Lest they make thee the instrument of vice.  
But with the widow take up thy abode,  
And feed the orphan—brace the nerveless arm  
Of the afflicted—bind the soldier's wounds,  
And quench the thirst of the returning tar  
At burning noon—or bid the captive smile.  
Or wouldst thou wish to witness real distress,  
And succour injur'd merit, hie thee quick  
To the Metropolis, and urge thy flight  
To yonder garret bard, rich in the lore  
Of Greece and Rome ; rich in his mind, without  
One penny in his purse—his bolted door  
Denies the catchpole entrance : and his muse,  
To wine a stranger, struggles to depart.  
He for thy coming sighs—sighs such as broke  
The heart of Chatterton—O wing thy flight  
Into his fob—thrice welcome thou shalt be,  
And precious in his sight, for only such  
As sigh thy coming duly scan thy worth.

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## ON THE DEATH

OF JOHANNA SOUTHCOTT.



JOHANNA, art thou gone? say, hast thou sped  
 To realms of bliss across the gulph of death?  
 Oh, no; thou only sleep'st! thou art not dead!  
 Thy soul from its pure mansion hath not fled—  
 A holy trance some moments stops thy breath.

Soon shall thy eyes re-open to the sun,  
 Thy silent tongue an awful tale unfold;  
 The stroke of death by Resurrection shun,  
 And bear the Shiloh, the Eternal Son,  
 Tho' thou art still a Maid—and very old!

Avaunt, ye Surgeons! stay the impious hand,  
 And all those cruel instruments of strife;  
 The virgin shall arise, at God's command,  
 With a young Saviour bless this sinful land,  
 And pour upon the dead the word of life.

Thus sung JOHANNA's followers—and the state  
 Agreed four days she should remain untouch'd;  
 Then TOZER brought the cradle to the gate,  
 And bade her dupes in faith th' event await,  
 They heard—obey'd—and all some time lay hush'd.

Four days elaps'd—and then—what dost thou think ?

When they approach'd this Goddess, all so pure,  
Lo, she was putrified, and so did stink,  
That holy TOZER snatch'd a hasty blink,  
Then held his nose, and vanish'd thro' the door.

Our men of skill us'd their dissecting tools,

Lest TOZER, pregnant on the world should palm her;  
And cut her piece-meal—for indeed the schools  
Think she would still be worship'd by some fools,  
If TOZER, like a mummy, could embalm her !

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## THE JACOBIN

Is now a common phrase  
In ev'ry circle, tho' ill understood,  
And worse apply'd ; an epithet bestow'd  
On men who read, with shadow of a doubt,  
“ Dispatches Telegraphic—Private Letters,  
“ Mails from the North or South,” and “ Glorious  
News ;”

Tho', prone deliberately to scan details,  
They only doubt, intent to weigh mature  
The present with the past ; the probable  
With the improbable ; and wisely judge  
Of Truth and Fiction—Loyal still at heart ;  
Such men are PATRIOTS ; not JACOBINS.

The blindly loyal, ever on the gape  
 To swallow rumours, are one hour buoy'd up  
 By Fiction, and the next by Truth depress'd.  
 A leaf, a ribbon, or a noisy bell,  
 When laurel'd coach arrives, lifts them star-hight;  
 Anon a Moniteur (oh! sad reverse)  
 Or Morning Chronicle, not void of truth,  
 Blasts all their hopes, and sinks them in the dust!  
 How much I pity them! mere Shuttlecocks  
 Of Editors, and sly Stock-Jobbing knaves,  
 Replete with lies and fraud—creation's scum!

What time the holy fathers dwelt in Gaul,  
 By ruffians undisturb'd, and told their beads,  
 Each in his cell, or celebrated Mass,  
 Or in confession sooth'd the blushing maid,  
 A certain Order from the rest were known  
 As Jacobins—a Title then not base.  
 But differing with the sable brotherhood  
 In points of discipline, or faith, perchance  
 Some case of conscience, or religious qualm,  
 They were expell'd—and when the kindling sparks  
 Of Revolution burst into a blaze,  
 Their Hall was occupy'd by the mad sons  
 Of wild Rebellion—Thence call'd Jacobins.  
 Then first the monster rear'd his hydra head  
 In Europe, and "let slip the dogs of war."  
 Of the New School, he's prone to doubt a God,  
 A devil, a heaven and hell, and future state!



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He mocks all Revelation, and makes war,  
Like his fell master Paine, on text and priest.  
The “ Weekly Register ” his prayer-book is,  
The “ Whig ” his bible, and the minor prints,  
Of talent void, comments upon the text.  
He mortally hates kings and men in power,  
And ever and anon is finding fault  
With men and measures, and affects to slight  
Both Place and Pension—grapes he cannot reach.

The Jacobin thinks not like other men ;  
His ideas are confus'd, his temper sour'd,  
His judgement quite unsound—he often deems  
Himself upon the bench dispensing laws  
To vassal subjects, and inferior states ;  
Or if he wake one moment from his trance,  
To see his error, quick he shuts his eyes  
To reason, and enjoys his former dream.  
Thus in the empty theatre of old,  
The citizen of Argos so conceiv'd  
That he beheld rare tragedies perform'd,  
And felt, tho' broad awake, supreme delight !  
This strange hallucination doth derange  
The pericranium, and would overturn  
All systematic justice ; would uproot  
Religion, social compact, order, law.  
It was this mental mania which urg'd on  
A Brutus erst to thirst for Cæsar's blood ;  
Which urg'd Timoleon to raise his arm

Against his brother's life—because a King !  
To sum up all, a Jacobin is what  
Vile CROMWELL was, and L—d F\*\*\*\*LL would be.

If such there are in Albion's Isle, thank heav'n  
Their number's few—hence, ye, blind Loyalists,  
(Too oft mislead by interest, and false zeal)  
Be sparing of the phrase to fellow-men,  
Nor brand the Patriot with the Jacobin.  
The Patriot would reform, but not destroy,  
The Constitution.—The mad Jacobin  
Would overturn the government, unhinge  
The Constitution, and with a rude hand  
Erase the stately fabric, to remove  
Perchance some rotten pillar ; like as erst  
The men of Gotham, anxious to destroy  
The Hornet's nest, set the whole house on fire !  
The Patriot, like faithful seamen, would  
Stand by the vessel of the state, fierce rock'd  
Mid war's wild storm, nor grumble tho' long doom'd  
To sad privations ; work her into port,  
And peaceful moorings—then lift up his voice.  
The Jacobin, like seamen mutinous,  
Would hail the storm as a deliverance from  
Obedience, law, and duty—beach the ship,  
Spurn his superiors, glory in their fall,  
Ransack the hold, and riot on the spoils.  
Hence, Loyalists, be sparing of the phrase,  
Nor brand the Patriot with the Jacobin.

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## THE MAID OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

—COO—

SAY where sit the Loves, and the Graces all blended,  
 With Honour and Wisdom, celestial pair?  
 Where Meekness and Virtue from heaven descended,  
 And Beauty the gift of the Gods to the Fair?  
 The Loves and the Graces, and Virtue and Honor,  
 With Meekness and Wisdom, and Beauty's soft smile,  
 The Gods in their bounty have lavished upon her—  
 The soul-winning MAID of the EMERALD ISLE.

Tho' the Son of green ERIN is oft doom'd to wander  
 Remote from his cot, a sad exile from home,  
 By oppression's, or poverty's grasp torn asunder  
 From social delights, and compell'd wide to roam;  
 To his colours he stands in the army or navy,  
 His arm strong for war, and his heart free from guile,  
 And makes the proud Gaul in the fight cry "pecavi"—  
 Inspired by the MAID of the EMERALD ISLE.

And say, does the Son of the green Island ramble,  
 Driven out by oppression from friendship and love?  
 Ah, yes!—I the truth can no longer dissemble,  
 In youth 'twas my lot this misfortune to prove.  
 O'er the wide waste of waters my course I have taken,  
 From Foyle, to the Delaware, Ganges, and Nile,  
 And left in green ERIN, all sad and forsaken—  
 The sigh-heaving MAID of the EMERALD ISLE.

My heart swells with woe to reflect on those ages  
 When Freedom her banners o'er ERIN did wave,  
 When she boasted her kings, her divines, bards, and  
   sages,  
 Whose rights were secur'd by the arm of the brave.  
 Then the wild harp, resounding through ERIN's gay  
   bowers,  
 To love could the warrior's soul reconcile,  
 Festivity, concord, and song crown'd the hours—  
 The song of the MAID of the EMERALD ISLE,

But cheer, brother Patriots! no sighing, nor weeping,  
 Fair Liberty's flag shall one day be unfurl'd;  
 For the injur'd the Gods still have blessings in keeping,  
 And ERIN shall rank with the Isles of the world.  
 Then the Exile, companion of sorrow, returning,  
 Shall hail the green shores of his home with a smile,  
 And greet the fond maid who his absence was mourning—  
 The soul-winning MAID of the EMERALD ISLE,

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## THE BLIND MAN'S PETITION,

TO THE BISHOP OF R\*PH\*E.

MY LORD,

If hunger, want, distress, and pain,  
 A wretched, old blind man, a helpless wife,  
 And children, screaming loud, in these hard times,  
 For food that is not, can your pity claim,

---

My Lord, I claim it. To paint all my woes  
In their true colours, and no ill conceal,  
Would be a sight too strong, a tale too sad,  
For pitying eye, or heart inclin'd to feel.  
With these hard times still harder wax the hearts  
Of griping farmers—their coarse charity  
Falls in proportion as provisions rise.  
To you, enthron'd in affluence, pomp, and pow'r,  
Who cannot feel the pressure of the times,  
Whose charity's not prone to ebbs and flows,  
To you I make my plaint—not WITHOUT hope.

The BEE, with instinct, and with eye-sight bless'd,  
Provides for winter—ME no ray of light  
Doth guide the walks of industry to tread,  
Sightless I sit, forbid mechanic arts.  
But yet from my "mind's eye" was not shut out  
Science entire—the FIDDLE, hollow womb'd,  
And deck'd with numerous strings of various sound,  
Screw'd to the yielding bow, I learn'd to tune  
With nimble fingers, and a supple arm.  
But, dire mishap! I weep to tell the tale,  
Returning lately from a village dance,  
Darkling and unattended, in my way  
A broken bridge gap'd horrible! my stick  
Of hickory, that erst deck'd Columbian woods,  
Deep copper ferrul'd, with which I tipp'd my way,  
Avail'd not, in its jaws with sudden crash

I plung'd, and sighing lay the man of sounds !  
 Tho' sad my plight, my head, arms, breast, & limbs,  
 And fractur'd ribs I wail'd not, but sore wail'd  
 What unto me was equal dear as life,  
 My broken fiddle—erst my life's support.

MY LORD, great steward of my LORD above,  
 O condescend a trifle to bestow,  
 My fiddle to replace—for want of which  
 A wife, four children, and what some count more,  
 Old Orpheus with his music must expire.

1807.



The above Petition was actually presented to his Lordship, but, alas! the Bishop only rewarded the blank verse with—blank charity!

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## LINES

To Mrs. Jane Davis, of Macclesfield, on reading her "Letters from a Mother to her Son, on his going to sea."—Dedicated by permission to Sir Richard Hill, Bart.  
 M. P. of Hawkeston, near Shrewsbury.

THE gloomy years of ignorance are fled,  
 And reason's dawn illumines either pole ;  
 Lo ! smiling knowledge lifts her radiant head,  
 Leaves cells, and musty scrolls, and dungeons dread,  
 And seeks the living temple of the soul.

But chief she deigns to bless fam'd Albion's race,  
 And frequent in the fair erects her throne ;  
 Gives genius, beauty, eloquence, and grace,  
 To make their volumes charming as their face—  
 And shines, O Jane ! conspicuous in your own !

Let others imitate the " Fairy Queen,"  
 Or, wing Quixotic regions of romance,  
 Paint elvy evolutions on the green ;  
 Or Knights in armour, awful to be seen !—  
 Your sphere is virtue—virtue's cause advance.

How grand your theme ! a God of boundless might,  
 At whose command old Chaos hid his face !  
 Who call'd forth nature from the womb of night—  
 And said, " let there be light, and there was light,"\*  
 And worlds unnumber'd roll'd in liquid space !

Well may your son, with such a parent blest,  
 Shake out the sail, and dauntless leave the shore ;  
 Your " Letters" still shall counsel for the best—  
 And drive all fear of danger from his breast  
 When battles rage, or midnight tempests roar.

" Why will you venture on the treach'rous main ?  
 (Cries Emma to her Son, o'erwhelm'd with woe,)  
 You may be drown'd, or in red battle slain,  
 And I shall never see your face again"—  
 " Go Son" says Jane, " thy country calls thee—go."

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\* And God said, let there be light, and there was light.—MOSES.



That British spirit in your bosom reigns,  
 Which marks the gallant youth of Albion's isle,  
 At Blenheim blaz'd, Poictiers, and Cressy's plains;  
 Redeem'd their allies, loaded kings with chains,  
 And conquer'd at Trafalgar and the Nile!

I see thee o'er thy dying infant lie,  
 (Maternal passions combating thy mind)  
 Gaze on his pallid cheek, his closing eye,  
 And calmly wait the cherub's parting sigh—  
 By grief struck silent, and by grace resign'd.

Fair authoress expand the hallow'd page,  
 Since heav'n to thee such grace and talent gave—  
 Resume thy pen, abate sectarian rage,  
 And let thy life and works amend our age—  
 Works which shall live when we are in the grave.

---

## AN ADDRESS TO THE OLD YEAR,

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TEN.

---

LET Laureat Bards shine in their annual sphere,  
 And drag forth limping "Odes to the New Year:"  
 A year that is not, and may never be,  
 The struggling embryo of futurity;

---

With equal reason may those Bards adorn  
 The page with "Odes" unto the child unborn.  
 Old Year, the eldest e'er mankind hath seen,  
 I'll write to thee, assur'd that thou hast been !  
 There live who know and weep thy bloody reign,  
 Which crumbled armies on th' embattled plain ;  
 You stopt the Gallic Tyrant's proud career—  
 Yet Walcheren drew forth the British tear !  
 You saw Corunna reeking with the gore  
 Of Nations ! and the fall of gallant Moore !  
 Saw Talavera tremble with the force  
 Of flying Gauls, of Generals, foot and horse ;  
 While gallant Wellington hung on their rear,  
 And mow'd them down.—All this you saw, Old Year.  
 What tho' your brow was sullen, once a meek,  
 A peace-portending smile play'd on your cheek,  
 To view great Albion's fleets old ocean sweep  
 From shore to shore, triumphant on the deep.

What kingdoms, pryncedoms, thrones, & armies fell,  
 What empires shook, what nations did rebel ;  
 What feuds in senates, discontents in states,  
 In parliament what strife, and strange debates ;  
 In cabinets what folly, courts what guile,  
 What statesmen pure, what those whom gold defile ;  
 What bankruptcies, thefts, actions for crim con,  
 And sums expended to assist the Don ;  
 What blanks and prizes in European nations,  
 Dread tempests, shipwrecks, and sad confiscations :

---

What orphans mourn, what widows drop the tear,  
 I sing not—this and more you saw, Old Year!  
 Yet thou art gone! thine eyes are clos'd in night,  
 And we, thank heav'n, yet live to see the light.

O Pow'r Supreme! if thy great fiat spare,  
 And add to time another rolling year,  
 Then ere the New Year deals off his last day,  
 In vaulted darkness Europe's Tyrant lay;  
 Appease the hostile realms, and stem the flood  
 Of rolling war, that stains the isles with blood.  
 Then shall the Dove to Europe's Ark return  
 With olive branch, and comfort those that mourn;  
 The captive liberate, the hungry feed,  
 And heal those nations' wounds, which yet afresh do  
 bleed.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR, 1810.

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## THE CHAPLAIN.

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A YOUNG Divine, who had the love of souls  
 At heart, and hearing sailors were so rude,  
 Resolves to go where foaming ocean rolls,  
 And face all dangers for their moral good.

His purpose, and his holy motive known,  
That urg'd him to become a Cleric Tar,  
Some friends, and cash, got him appointed soon,  
To be the Chaplain of a Man of War.

Of storms and shipwreck yet he had some dread,  
As land-men must, raw, and unus'd to sea ;  
And pump'd an old Lieutenant on that head,  
Who said, " My Son, you must undaunted be—

" This one thing keep in mind, tho' tempests roar,  
" And howling winds the sails in fragments tear,  
" Tho' leaky, or hard set on a lee shore—  
" Ne'er dream of shipwreck, while the sailors swear."

Lo, in the Bay of Biscay, nest of storms,  
A tempest overtook them in the night,  
Grim death appear'd in all his ghastly forms,  
And fill'd the Chaplain's soul with wild affright.

He sprung from bed, and sent the Boy to view  
What pass'd on deck—" list with attentive ear  
" If any hopes of life cheer the ship's crew,  
" And, hark ye—mark if any of them swear."

The Boy return'd—" no hopes of life remain,  
" But such hard swearing can't be match'd in hell"—  
" That's right, my Boy, I'll go to bed again,  
" Thank God, ALL'S WELL."

## ODE,

## ON THE POWER OF GOD.



ERE antient Time in circling minutes ran,  
 Or earth arose, or God created man,  
     Or Sol illum'd the empire of the sky,  
 Or angel, cherubim, or heav'nly choir,  
 To song melodious tun'd the holy lyre,  
     Lo ! God existed in unclouded majesty.

When Lucifer, by dire ambition driv'n,  
 Defy'd Jehovah, and wag'd war with heav'n,  
     Aided by legions of the sons of light,  
 From heav'n's high crystal battlements God threw  
 The rebel angel, and his hostile crew,  
     Deep down to yawning gulphs of horror hell & night

He of dull clay first form'd the world's great Sire,  
 Then by his breath infus'd the holy fire  
     Of life, and heat, and kindled up the soul ;  
 And said —“ what wings the air, or stalks the plain,  
 Or swims the sea, thro' nature's wide domain,  
     Are, Adam, made for thee, sole ruler of the whole.

He speaks the word—tremendous storms arise,  
 The deeps toss up their waters to the skies,  
     And earth's o'erwhelm'd by the devouring flood ;

---

Death gluts on all, fowls, animals, and men,  
Save who with Noah in the Ark remain,  
They brave the storm, secure, upheld by nature's God

He speaks the word—the shoreless ocean hears,  
The flood retires, the solid land appears,  
And earth once more in nature's map is seen;  
The wave-tost Ark, by storms assail'd no more,  
Rests on Mount Arrarat, the voyage o'er,  
And Noah, stepping forth, opes life's great second  
scene.

He speaks the word—the rod in Aaron's hand  
Is stretched forth o'er Egypt's fruitful land,  
It swarms with frogs, with locusts, lice and flies!  
Storms, hails, fires, thunders, furious rush abroad,  
Lakes, rivers, pools, and wells, are turn'd to blood—  
The angel draws his sword, & Egypt's first-born dies.

The Israelites, by Pharoah close pursu'd,  
By night behold a fire, by day a cloud,  
Which shields their host, and guides to the sea-shore;  
When Moses smites the waters with his rod,  
Lo! the cleft floods confess the pow'r of God—  
They pass secure—but Pharoah sinks to rise no more!

He speaks the word—lo, Enoch soars on high,  
Translated, like Elijah, to the sky,  
And dwells among the holy sons of light—

---

Or if he speaks, the opening earth devours  
Vile Korah, Dathan, and Abiram's pow'rs,  
And locks them in the bosom of eternal night!

He speaks the word—the sheeted light'ning flies,  
Hoarse thunders tumble 'cross the bending skies,  
And sulph'rous flames, and mingled tempests pour;  
Lo! the destroying angel, bent on death,  
The flaming sword of vengeance does unsheath,  
And Sodom and Gommorah sink, and are no more!

He speaks the word—the rock becomes a well—  
Or Daniel doth with lions safely dwell—  
Or sun and moon stop in their mid career:  
Or Shedrech, Meshach, and Abednego,  
Plung'd into liquid fires that boil below,  
Are taken up alive, unsing'd a single hair!

He speaks the word—a Virgin bears a Son!  
Christ comes in flesh to save a world undone,  
And reconcile us by his death to God;  
The soul of man, involv'd in sin and night,  
Is fill'd with holiness, and inward light,  
Made pure, and sanctify'd, by the atoning blood!

Behold this earth, its mines, trees, plants, and flow'r's,  
Seas, rivers, mountains, meads, and blooming bow'rs,  
Where nature shines with ev'ry charming dye;



Then lift thy ravish'd eyes from scenes below,  
 Survey the glories of heav'n's radiant bow,  
 And read the out-spread volume of the starry sky:

Say, if such beauties deck these nether skies,  
 Where sun, moon, stars, and rolling planets rise,  
 To light up earth, frail sinful man's abode,  
 What glories must th' exalted heav'ns adorn,  
 What living suns light up th' eternal morn,  
 Where in refulgence dwells the uncreated God?

But God, ere long, shall bid the trumpet sound,  
 The dead arise, creation flame around,  
 Red light'nings flash, loud pealing thunders roar—  
 Sun moon, and stars, shall darken at the sight,  
 Old Time expire, creation sink in night,  
 And earth, with all its fleeting glories be no more.

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### TO MR. J. MILLS,

On his taking a View of the Premises of G. Pearson, Esq.  
 Mayor of Macclesfield.

THE Bard who writes descriptive verse should paint,  
 To the "mind's eye," each object so minute,  
 Yet bold, that copying Painters may with ease  
 Each out-line trace, and body give to thought.

---

So say the Critics—vice versâ, men  
Like you, who paint to the external eye,  
Should copy nature, that the Bard may trace  
The pencil's operations, and imprint  
Upon the mind the Artist's grand design.  
Hence, since the arts and sciences were known,  
From verse sprang pictures, and from pictures verse.

Thy work is done ;—the ample canvas glows ;  
A Town in miniature bursts on the eye !  
A group of buildings, cabins, mansions, domes,  
And Manufactories, promiscuous rang'd,  
Present a noble prospect ;—nobler still  
That here, from raw material, richest silks  
Assume the lengthening web, adorn'd with all  
The blooming lustre of the Tyrian dyes !  
No more the flowing shawl, the kerchief trim,  
And gown-piece, are imported from Bengal ;  
At home we manufacture those rich stuffs  
For which our sires in ships were wont to roam.  
We grant in many parts of Albion's Isle,  
The flying shuttle, emblem of swift time,  
By glancing frequent thro' the silken woof,  
Completes the shining web ; but MACCLESFIELD  
Claims a pre-eminence—and justly claims !  
Here huge steam engines, from their bricken tubes  
Hurl clouds of smoke, in sable columns thrown  
Far heaven-ward, till they meet the breezy wing

Of morning zephyr which dispels the charm  
Of power impulsive, and their parts condense  
Fall earth-ward, while the vapours volatile,  
Ascend, and mingling with the clouds of heav'n  
Imbibe their hues, and float thro' liquid space.  
Nor are there wanting of the feather'd tribes  
Who occupy that space by heaven assign'd  
For such as ply the wing, and cleave the air—  
Here the domesticated pigeons play  
Around the chimney top; while rooks more wild,  
And less belov'd of man, far distant soar.

The open space, in front, is occupied  
By animals and men, by waggons, carts,  
And chaises, wafted on the rolling wheel.  
Here B\*\*\*\*\*K, sits upon his mettled bay,  
Majestic, though his back is chiefly seen—  
Like view a Cossack artist would have drawn  
Of Boney, scampering for the verge of France,  
When late his boasting armies were o'erthrown  
At Leipsic, and his legions put to flight.  
Here PEARSON stands (proprietor of the scene)  
Grave and attentive to the lengthy tale  
Of an old woman; nor impatient he,  
Save to do Justice—as all MAYORS ought.  
Somewhat remote, and leaning on his staff,  
Stands S\*\*\*H, whose mansion skirts the leading road  
To Buxton—famous for its healing springs!

In close confabulation, by his side  
Appears a Reverend Doctor; sage, and priest.  
Well known he stands, array'd in sable garb,  
With rosy cheek beneath the spreading hat.  
Lo! from his care our rising youth imbibe  
The seeds of science, and morality,  
Shower'd gently on their minds as dews of eve.  
Long may the venerable teacher live  
To point out virtue's path—and lead the way.  
To mention asses may create a smile  
Among the vulgar—smile the vulgar may;  
What animal of the quadruped kind  
So highly honour'd was in days of yore,  
When HE who made the world an Ass bestrode?  
Yes, here are asses, bent beneath huge loads  
Of fuel, and their master, like Balaam  
With feature all distort, fierce wields his staff,  
And, void of mercy, goads the creatures on,  
Regardless of their burthen or their strength.  
Behold the yelling Boy bedew'd with tears;—  
Prone at his feet appears the shatter'd pot  
That late contain'd his morning meal, and Tray,  
Deaf to his plaint, feasts greedy on the spoils.  
Thus oft in life misfortunes, unforeseen,  
Dash from our eager lip the cup of bliss,  
And shade with sorrow all our future years.

Friend Mills, I'll now "Sum up," and "so conclude."  
What from the boldness of thy pencil may

Seem rough and strong, old time shall mellow down  
 To nicely mingled hues ; but prejudice  
 No time can mellow ; still the vulgar cry  
 “ Can any good come out of Nazareth ? ”  
 Could you like Raphael paint, I write like Pope,  
 What would it profit us, in humble life,  
 Unpatroniz’d, unfriended, and unknown ?  
 Not hopeless thou ; — for he whose premises  
 Employ’d thy pencil, doubtless shall reward  
 Thy labours, and in future patronize,  
 And usher thee to notice, and to friends. —  
 But should this fail, we still have ample store  
 Of public spirit, equal to the task  
 Of raising genius, from the chilling shade,  
 To noon-day radiance, and a genial sun,  
 Where you may aim at future excellence,  
 And bear that gem untarnish’d in your breast,  
 That hallowed gem — an Independant mind.

1814.

## THE ORPHAN,

AND

LORD LINSEY WOOLSEY.

**PITY**, my Lord, the wretched plight  
 Of a lone Orphan, faint and weary ;  
 No house by day, no bed by night,  
 Expos’d to tempests wild and dreary.

I have no friend, I have no food,  
Alas ! I know not where to wander ;  
But I was told you folks are good,  
Who roll in wealth, and shine in grandeur.

“ Young gypsey, if your tale be true,  
Say where your parents life departed ?”  
My father fell at Waterloo,  
My mother died, quite broken hearted.  
She sought my sire amongst the dead,  
And fell upon his bosom gory—  
“ Oh ! if they died in honour’s bed,  
My child they’re—COVER’D O’ER WITH GLORY.

And what is “Glory ?” my good Lord,  
Will it relieve the Orphan’s hunger ?  
A shelter, clothes, and food afford ?  
Oh ! say—or I can’t live much longer !  
“ The nation, child, will see you fed,  
“ Posterity will learn your story ;  
“ Your parents died in honour’s bed,  
“ And they are—COVER’D O’ER WITH GLORY.”

He said—and with a hasty pace  
From the lone Orphan whistling parted ;—  
The tears bedewed her pallid face,  
And down she sunk, half broken hearted.

Then to her aid a soldier flew,  
Who had o'erheard her artless story ;  
He knew her sire at Waterloo,  
And saw him—"COVER'D O'ER WITH GLORY."

"Come, Orphan, to my arms," he cried,  
"And I will screen thee from the weather ;  
"Close to my side thy parents died,  
"And for their sake we'll lodge together.  
"I have a pension, and a cot,  
"Where thou shalt live till I am hoary ;  
Here, wrap thee in this old watch-coat,  
'Tis warmer than his Lordship's—"GLORY."

---

## THE DUMB COTTAGERS.

---

FROM Nantwich lately journeying on a tour,  
Alone, and unacquainted with my road,  
I rais'd the latch of a neat cottage door,  
Where deep retir'd an aged pair abode.

But, oh ! what pencil can pourtray my plight,  
Or paint the feelings that unnerv'd my soul,  
When a grave matron, and a hoary wight,  
Began their arms to play, and eyes to roll !



---

In vain I ask'd my way—all was grimace,  
 Dumb elocution, and unmeaning sound;  
 Devoid of speech, they could not tell the place,  
 And much it seem'd their feeling hearts to wound.

How hard their lot! descended from one womb,  
 And from that womb the joys of speech deny'd!  
 What pleasures can they have, thus deaf and dumb,  
 Save heaven some mystic language hath supply'd?

Lost to the tale of love, the song of praise,  
 The converse that endears the social hour,  
 To music dead, slow pass their cheerless days,  
 To speech a stranger, and its soothing pow'r.

May we, whom heaven hath bless'd with faculties,  
 That cheer the eve of life's care-chequer'd day,  
 The sacred gift with holy reverence prize—  
 Convinc'd that God who gave—can take away!

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## POETIC EPISTLE TO WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

ON READING HIS

*“FIELD OF WATERLOO.”*



WHEN Usurpation, with gigantic stride,  
 To thrones doth wade through seas of human blood,  
 And lawless Tyrants, drunk with power and pride,  
 Despise the sacred laws of man and God;

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What praise is due to that heroic hand  
Which sweeps those Rebels from a groaning land?

Such praise, immortal Wellington, is thine,  
Beneath the prowess of thy potent hand  
Thick fell the phalanx'd host, the marshal'd line,  
And the despotic chiefs of Gallia's band;  
Born to command in battle, and subdue,  
You vanquish'd Europe's foes at Waterloo.

'Twas then that Mister Scott, the ladies' bard,  
From northern climes sojourning, reach'd the "Field,"  
With song Old England's heroes to reward,  
If song sublime the battle-scene could yield;  
But, aw'd by heaving graves, and parched gore,  
His Muse, that once inspir'd, inspires no more.

Ah Scottish bard! ah Walter! Walter!  
How thy poor lagging Muse doth falter!  
At Waterloo thy fame shall die,  
Like Bloomfield's on the "Banks of Wye."  
What to us are "Brussell's Bells,"  
Floating on the air?  
They savour of your hall of shells,  
Knight Errants, ghosts, and wizard spells,  
And palfrey'd damsels fair—  
Of grandeur shorn, divested of her fire,  
Your blushing Muse forsakes the venal lyre.

Cling to your legendary tales,  
Your Highland cliffs and Lowland vales,  
Your spectres floating on the gales,  
And Celtic Ballads—

And when our reading men regale  
On wholesome food, in Virgil's tale,  
Which stands the test in critic scale,  
Your rhymes may do for sallads.

In your pages can we view  
The warring hosts of Waterloo?  
Ah! no, the timid Muse unravels  
A pretty chart of Walter's travels!  
The foaming steed, the cannon's roar,  
The flashing sword, the spouting gore,  
The havock, tumult, and uproar,  
That rage amid the battle,  
In glowing colours should arise,  
Embodied to your reader's eyes,  
And shew where every chieftain lies,  
To whom the fight prov'd fatal.

Heav'n! for a Muse as nervous as that arm—  
That British arm that crush'd the vaunting foe,  
My glowing verse each patriot-breast should warm,  
Raise armies in my page, and overthrow!

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Fires, thunders, clashing sabres, swords, and spears,  
Should blaze, and rattle round my reader's ears !

But may the spirit of a Pope, ere long,  
Or Dryden, fire some British Patriot's soul,  
To paint the awful fight, in awful song,  
And waft the victory from pole to pole—  
On minor bards look down with noble scorn,  
And tell in epic verse the tale to worlds unborn !

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## ODE TO ERIN.

---

O ERIN! remote on the blue western wave,  
Thy daughters are fair, and thy sons they are brave,  
In beauty and valour excelling ;  
Thy heroes in battle still foremost are seen,  
And thy maidens at home gaily dance on the green  
To the notes of the wild harp, of music the queen,  
When their country's foes they are quelling.

In peace or in war, hospitality reigns  
On thy heath-cover'd hills, and green shamrock plans,  
To cheer the lone stranger at night ;

---

Tho' the pittance be coarse, it is giv'n with grace,  
A shake of the hand, and a smile of the face,  
And sadness and care to the bumper give place,  
To heighten the social delight.

Thy sons sad with grief, leave thy emerald Isle,  
When fortune denies on their talents to smile,  
And steer to some far distant-shore ;  
To the north and the south, to the east and the west,  
But chief to Old Albion—Old Albion the blest,  
Where their merits are honour'd, their persons carest  
And poverty presses no more.

What honours and titles, what riches and fame,  
Hath Albion shower'd down on the Wellesley name,  
The glory and pride of our Isle ?  
The valiant of soul, who his footsteps pursu'd,  
With honour, and science, and courage endu'd,  
Who fought by his side, and the foemen subdu'd,  
Now bask in the rays of her smile.

An Usher, a Farquahar, a Steele, and a Swift,  
And Goldsmith, poor Bard ! from thy shores cast adrift,  
Here found an asylum, and bread ;  
Fam'd Berkely and Parnell here also laid claim  
To honour, protection, distinction, and fame,  
And the soul-moving Sterne—and many a name  
Now gone to the land of the dead.

Still ERIN has sons fraught with genuine fire,  
 Who curb our wild passions, or kindle desire,  
     Whom the blue wave hath roll'd from her shore ;  
 What bard so melodious pours forth the wild lay,  
 That from the wrapt bosom the soul steals away,  
 Awakens the passions, and makes the blood play,  
     As our famous "ANACREON MOORE?"

O Erin! and Albion! fam'd queens of the ocean,  
 May heaven long guard you from civil commotion,  
     From traitors, and base Popish wiles ;  
 May truth, love, and justice, your brave souls unite  
 And make you in council, the same as in fight,  
 The terror of tyrants, the guardians of right,  
     So long as the waves wash our Isles.

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## PREDESTINATION.

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Perverse mankind ! whose wills, created free,  
 Charge all their woes on absolute decree ;  
 All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,  
 And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.

HOMER.

\*\*\*

OF all the questions that have kindled war  
 Polemic in the schools, and set Divines  
 At variance with each other, and with truth,  
 In every age and clime, there's none have been

So much disputed, or so fraught with strife,  
As—UNCONDITIONAL PREDESTINATION.

The CALVINISTS affirm—God hath decreed  
Whatever comes to pass—and ere he laid  
The world's foundation, pre-ordain'd some men  
And angels to be sav'd—and others doom'd,  
Or reprobated to the flames of hell !\*  
Their school-men strove to prove this doctrine true  
From revelation, and decrees reveal'd ;—  
These insufficient found, they had recourse  
To novel phrase scholastic, and affirm'd  
The SECRET WILL of God all things decreed.  
What gross absurdity ! how known to them,  
If secret those decrees ? or if they're known  
How are they secret ? when will “ bearded boys,”  
And bigot priests, cease to pervert the truth,  
And darken knowledge with unmeaning words ?

Here, also foil'd, unto God's prescience as  
Their last retreat they fly, and dare maintain  
FOREKNOWLEDGE paramount to a DECREE !

---

\* The Reader who thinks this language too strong, will do well to refer to the “ CONFESSION OF FAITH,” published by the KIRK OF SCOTLAND, to which every man must subscribe before he is admitted a member, and he will find the articles of that Creed run as follows—“ God, for his own glory, before the foundations of the world were laid, elected some men and angels to everlasting life, and reprobated others to everlasting damnation !”



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If so, those prophets who foretold events,  
Must have decreed them, tho' decreed by God  
Ere they were born—yea, ere the world was made !  
FOREKNOWLEDGE cannot act—nor influence  
The act of God or men—it has no being—  
What acts, must be, or else it cannot act.  
Suppose a stone is cast into the air,  
What man but knows, before it leaves the sling,  
It must descend? yet knowledge of th' event  
Occasion'd not its fall—by the fix'd laws  
Of gravitation it was sure to fall,  
Ev'n had we never known it would descend.  
And hence foreknowledge acts not—has not being—  
Is but an attribute of HIM who was,  
And is, and is to come—who does not act  
Compell'd by his foreknowledge—but as God  
Does whatso'er he will in heav'n and earth,  
And in his acts shews MERCY to mankind.

Grant CALVINISTS are right—that nought exists,  
Or good or evil, but was first decreed—  
Then evil doth exist as well as good,  
And must have been decreed—what so decreed  
Can change not—if the Mede and Persian laws  
Were deem'd unchangeable, how much more so  
Must be the laws of God, who changeth not ?  
Hence evil was decreed, and must exist.  
Unhallow'd thought! would God by a decree

---

Bind up himself, and have no pow'r to act,  
No freedom left, beyond the narrow bounds  
Of that decree? then were he bound to act,  
As well as all the hosts of earth and heav'n,  
By blind FATALITY's unchanging laws,  
And not of choice! shame on those christian sects  
Who preach up such a tale! enough to make  
A decent heathen hide his head and blush!

Vengeance dencunc'd, God oft hath turn'd aside,  
And spar'd, in mercy, those the lifted sword,  
Or pestilence were ready to consume—  
He pardon'd Nineveh—and added years  
To Hezekiah—tho' the Seers foretold  
The City's fall—and bade the Prophet set  
His house in order, adding "THOU SHALT DIE!"  
Yet in all this Jehovah changed not—  
His divine purpose virtue to reward,  
And vice to punish still remain'd the same—  
The change was in the people—inward wrought  
By deep repentance, and remorse of soul.  
The prophet too found grace—his pray'r was heard,  
And length of years bestow'd—convincing proof,  
(If proof were wanting) that the God supreme  
Rules by HIMSELF—not ABSOLUTE DECREES!

Suppose an earthly king were to decree  
That those his subjects, in one district born,

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Should be deem'd TRAITORS—those without the pale  
Staunch LOYALISTS—and punishes the one  
With sword and faggot ; but shows ample grace  
Unto the other ; for no good or ill  
On their behalf ; but merely to shew forth  
His “ SOVEREIGN WILL,” and he had so decreed ;—  
Are there who live could justify the deed ?  
Would not the most deprav'd of heart condemn  
The Tyrant, and the good abhor his name,  
For actions so unjust, and deeds so foul ?  
Shall we attribute, then, to reason lost,  
To God, All-Good, what would be crime in man ?  
Forbid it heaven and earth ! let God be true,  
And every man (who argues so) a liar.

This doctrine would make God a greater foe  
To man, than Satan—foe to all that's good.  
The Devil only tempts mankind to sin,  
And in temptation there's an equal chance  
To stand as fall—but if God hath decreed  
The Reprobate to hell, what chance remains,  
What hope—how with Omnipotence contend ?—  
Damn'd he must be, for ever, ever damn'd !

For whom hath the beloved Son of God  
Laid down his life ? not for the Reprobate  
Who can't be sav'd—much less for the Elect,  
Who can't be damn'd—and died he then in vain ?

No, SAVIOUR CHRIST ! in vain thou hast not died,  
 But to restore what we in Adam lost,  
 And leave Salvation in the reach of man,  
 Which sought ELECTS—and scorn'd doth REPROBATE.  
 But FLETCHER\* thou hast torn away the veil  
 That darken'd Truth, and “ Justify'd the ways  
 Of God to man”—the Calvinistic shades  
 Of error fly before the piercing ray  
 Of rising Reason, beaming on the Word  
 Divine—and light the ravish'd soul to God !

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## CHARACTER

OF A

MEMBER OF THE LILIPUTIAN PARLIAMENT.

~

**T**HE term of Parliament expir'd,  
 (Or dissolution, oft desir'd !)  
 A swarm of envious Candidates,  
 With purses full, and empty pates,  
 Canvass the county up and down,  
 And whip and spur from town to town,  
 In quest of votes—with supple air  
 To free-men bow, and speak them fair.—

---

\* The late Rev. de la John Fletcher, Vicar of Medley.—See his “ Checks to Antinomianism.”

“ Your grievances we shall “ redress,”  
 “ And guard the freedom of the press ;  
 “ Your ancient Liberties secure,  
 “ And ease the taxes of the poor ;  
 “ Guard the religion of the nation,  
 “ And vote against “ emancipation ;  
 ( The Pope of Rome hath advocates  
 Ev’n in the Liliputian States)  
 “ Give life to trade, and sue for peace,  
 “ And hand petitions in with grace” —  
 Such promises are made, and spoken,  
 With an intention to be—broken !  
 To prove such practices prevail,  
 Take demonstration from a tale.

A Member, chose to represent  
 A county, in their Parliament,  
 Was duly sworn, and took his seat,—  
 But slept whilst others held debate !  
 The want of trade, and sad starvation,  
 That sore oppress’d their groaning nation,  
 His peaceful slumbers never broke,  
 He snor’d away, whilst others spoke !  
 Yet, sometimes rous’d by “ hear ! hear ! hear !”  
 Which beat on drum of upper ear,  
 He rais’d his head, look’d round, or so,  
 And at the close, yawn’d “ aye,” or “ no !”  
 Such C——— is, who “ has a head

Fit to be let—unfurnished !”  
A statue, chissel'd from the block,  
Or hewn out from the solid rock,  
Would fill his place with less expence,  
And shew an equal share of sense ;  
Would sit quite graceful, mild, and calm,  
And honest—without itching palm !  
What if you want towards the close  
Of a debate, some “ ayes,” and “ noes,”  
Exclusive of the human race  
As able speakers you may trace ;  
The pow'r of speech is not confin'd  
In special favour to mankind !  
The eastern minos will repeat,  
With graceful air “ give Minos meat !”  
And learned parrots, arch and droll,  
Cry eloquently “ pretty poll !”  
And late invented clocks have spoke too,  
And told the hour by crying—“ Cuckoo !”

Ye “ clergy, gentlemen, freeholders,”  
Cast such live-lumber from your shoulders ;  
Elect ye men to represent  
Your interests in parliament !  
Men—honest, eloquent, and just,  
True to their country, and their trust ;  
Men—noble, independent, free,  
The friends of truth, and liberty.

If not—may such dull 'squires once more  
Upon the benches sleep and snore,  
And represent you like those blocks,  
Those prating birds, and cuckoo clocks !

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## CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

\*\*\*

ABOUT converting the unhallowed Jews,  
Ah me, in England, what a mighty fuss !  
The rostrum, pulpit, and the public news,  
The novel project labour to infuse,  
As if the pow'r remain'd alone with us !

Fanatic zealots ! say what ruthless star  
Leads you so wide of humble rectitude ?  
Like your fore-fathers, in the holy war,  
Would you usurp the place of God, and dare  
Ere his appointed time to make them good ?

Who can add strength to arm Omnipotent,  
Or change the purpose of the will divine ?  
Can missionaries make infidels repent,  
Or force a sinner to become a saint ?  
Ah, no, presumptuous man, this power's not thine :



‘ Oh ! but I’ll give my aid’—audacious wight !

As well you may create a world as aid—  
 God on his creatures trusteth not for might ;  
 In his appointed time the gospel light  
 Shall ev’ry corner of the globe invade.

Are we not taught by that pure form of pray’r,  
 To us deliver’d by his “ only Son,”  
 To say “ thy kingdom come ?” hence, fools, forbear  
 To use vain force, the faggot, scourge, or spear,  
 Like papists—and exclaim “ thy will be done.”

If zealots still persist, why eastward roam  
 To make fresh converts ? why the Rabbies choose ?  
 My friends true charity begins at home—  
 When spotless christians we thro’ you become,  
 Then try your hand upon the sinful Jews.

---

## BRITANNIA AND NEPTUNE.

(Occasioned by our numerous and recent shipwrecks.)

—000—

**DARK**, dark was the tempestuous night,  
 The moon and stars refus’d their light  
 To gild the gloomy skies,

---

When sad Britannia, pensive maid,  
On Albion's cliffs reclin'd her head,  
And wip'd her streaming eyes.

“ Alas !” quoth she, “ my honest tars,  
So oft distinguish'd in the wars,  
For valour and emprise,  
Wreck'd by the fury of the gale,  
Float at my feet, all cold and pale”—  
Again she wip'd her eyes.

“ Ah ! Neptune, Neptune, cruel god !”  
She said, and rais'd her voice aloud,  
“ Is this thy love to me ?  
Didst thou not swear by styx to keep  
My throne establish'd on the deep,  
Sole Empress of the sea ?”

Lo ! from the channel's coral bed  
Old Neptune rear'd his hoary head,  
And on the billows rode ;  
With trident thrice the billows strook,  
And thrice his silver honours shook,  
When thus the wat'ry god :

“ I have enthron'd thee on the sea,  
But thou forgetful art of me ;—  
Thy fleets are thy defence ;

No more to me thy altars blaze  
With incense, as in former days—  
With me you would dispense.

Repent, and live, like Nineveh,  
Or from the empire of the sea  
I'll hurl you in my ire ;  
Thy fleets, that bid loud thunders roar,  
And rule the deep from shore to shore,  
I'll crush like those of Tyre."

" I own my fault,"—Britannia cries,  
Repentant tears gush'd in her eyes,  
And sighs forbade her more ;  
When thus the god, with placid smiles,  
" Thou art forgiven—I'll guard thy isles  
From ev'ry hostile shore.

Those whom I love I oft chastise,  
To make them humble, good and wise—  
But, as you own my sway,  
Your triple empire none shall share,  
(Grand emblem of my trident here)  
Rule Empress of the sea !"

His three-prong'd trident thrice he wav'd,  
And thrice the briny billows cleav'd,  
And thrice Britannia blest ;

Britannia bow'd, and kiss'd the rod,  
And smiling parted from the god,  
With rapture in her breast.

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## THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

AND

## THE BISHOP.



A CHIMNEY-SWEEP, whose mind was wont to soar  
As well as body, myst'ries to explore,  
Had learn'd astronomy, as fame doth tell ;  
Yet stars he never scann'd thro' telescope,  
Nor sunk, like moderns, by a bucket-rope,  
To view them from the "bottom of a well."

But when in chimney hole, he from his eyes  
Brush'd off the soot, and gaz'd upon the skies,  
And knew exact the proper height to climb,  
Where from his lofty tube the stars he read,  
And at noon-day saw new ones o'er his head,  
And gain'd both cash and knowledge at one time.

Events which Moore, on his Pegasean hack,  
Could not foretell in rhyming almanack,  
This Sweep well knew—such as the Comet's visit ;

Yet oft, he said, star-gazers told d——d lies,  
 By penning false translations from the skies,  
 And ten times miss'd the truth for once they hit it.

To scour the smoke-vents of an ancient dome,  
 The Bishop of R<sup>\*ph</sup>\*e once bade him come,  
 The Sweep obey'd—ascended—and came down ;  
 “ Well, Mr. Sweep, what is your charge ?” quoth he,  
 “ My Lord I'll be quite moderate with thee,  
 “ My charge is but one guinea and a crown.”

“ One guinea and a crown !” the Bishop cried,  
 “ I'm sure the man must be himself beside—  
 “ But as we bargain'd not, here's your demand ;  
 “ One guinea and a crown earn'd in two hours !  
 “ Why, Mr. Sweep, by the immortal pow'rs,  
 “ You soon may vie with any in the land.”

“ And vie I do, my Lord”—quoth quizzing Sweep,  
 “ Five sons at Cambridge College I now keep,  
 “ Who may one day their injur'd country right—  
 “ Those who have genius shall attend the bar,  
 “ Embark in commerce, learn the art of war,  
 “ Or agriculture—once my chief delight.”

“ And, Mr. Sweep, how mean you to provide  
 “ For those who may be dunces ?” Sweep reply'd,  
 “ My Lord I will not leave them in the lurch ;

“ Those void of genius to acquire renown,  
 “ Who rank with block-heads, shall embrace the gown—  
 “ They’re sure to be promoted in the Church.”

## THE LEEK POST BOY.

Our waking dreams are fatal.———DR. YOUNG.



OF late a Post-boy, near the “ Robin Hood,”  
 Fell from his seat, being in a sleeping mood ;  
 Long snor’d, unconscious of his dire mishap,  
 Then took the road—but still enjoy’d his nap ;  
 Forsook his gilded chaise, and horses sleek,  
 And walk’d and slept, and slept and walk’d to LEEK !  
 From street to street, from door to door he sped,  
 Unnotic’d—for the folks were all a-bed.

The animal creation often tends  
 To aid the human, destitute of friends.  
 A raven fed the prophet, and a dove  
 Bade Noah from the ark with safety move ;  
 Geese walk’d the centinels by cackling cries,  
 And sav’d great Rome from falling by surprise ;  
 A little wren sav’d Drogheda, ’tis said,  
 In Cromwell’s time, by pecking the drum-head ;

---

A cock at Chatham\*, erst, with clarion shrill,  
Wak'd, and preserv'd from death, St. Columb Kill ;  
And speckled lizards, if wild beasts appear,  
Wake travellers to shun the danger near ;  
So a kind dog with bark tremendous hail'd  
The sleeping Post-boy, and his eyes unseal'd !  
Back swift he sped his chaise and pair to seek,  
Found them near " Robin Hood," then drove to Leek.

Dull kings, who loll on gifted thrones supine,  
And reins of government to fools resign ;  
The two-fac'd statesmen, and the pleading tribe,  
Whose palms still itch to grasp the yellow bribe ;  
Deists and rebels, who with ardour burn  
Our church and government to overturn ;  
Fanatics, wild, who wrestle with their Lord,  
And thump the bible to new-mould the word ;  
The partial editor, and outside saint,  
The advocates of Boney, and of Lent ;  
All, all laugh at the Post-boy's drowsy whim,  
But are, themselves, cause of more mirth to him.  
He cries, " blind fools ! yours is a worse mistake,  
Who waking dream—and from that dream ne'er wake ;  
My case was bad, but worse shall be your plight,  
Wak'd by Cerberian dogs in endless night."

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\* Chatham—a Gentleman's seat in the north of Ireland.



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WATERLOO.

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SINCE first the sword gleam'd in the warrior's hand,  
And nations fought each other to subdue,  
A fiercer battle never drench'd the land  
With human gore, than that of WATERLOO !

And since Old England in the tented field  
By warlike deeds first gain'd herself a name,  
A bolder foe was never forc'd to yield  
The palm of victory, that stamps her fame !

There ALBION's sons put GALLIA's hosts to flight,  
Led on by WELLINGTON, green ERIN's pride !  
And many a hero, in the bloody fight,  
Beneath the banners of his country died ?

BLENHEIM, POICTIERS, and CRESSY, are renown'd  
For conquests, and shall be remember'd long ;  
But WATERLOO our troops with glory crown'd,  
Unparallel'd in history, or song !

BYRON and SCOTT, awake ! a nobler theme  
Ne'er grac'd the annals of the British muse—  
Why, lost to sense of honour and of shame,  
So long the tribute of your song refuse ?

Sing ye the LIVING ? WELLINGTON demands  
 The noblest effort of the glowing lyre,  
 Who put to flight the foe's well armour'd bands,  
 And forc'd the proud NAPOLEON to retire !

Sing ye the DEAD ? the valiant PICTON fell,  
 With PONSONBY, for valour fam'd afar ;  
 And gallant MILLER's\* fate the muse may tell,  
 Who sunk amid the havock of the war.

When leading on his troop to crush the foe,  
 'Mid clashing swords, and balls that flew like hail,  
 Alas ! the youthful hero was laid low,  
 And from the field remov'd, all faint and pale !

Still his heroic mind forsook him not—  
 “ COLONEL,” said he, “ I bid adieu to life ;

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\* Extract from a letter, dated Brussels, June 28, 1815 :—  
 Among those who have fallen, you will learn with poignant regret the fate of Lieutenant Col. William Miller, of the Guards. It was only yesterday that I heard the melancholy tidings. He was brought wounded to Brussels, and expired on the following evening, and I am happy to add, without suffering. In his last mortal scene he displayed the soul and spirit of a hero. On finding himself wounded, he sent for Col. Thomas.—“ Thomas,” said he, “ I feel I am mortally wounded ; I am pleased to think it is my fate rather than yours, whose life is involved in that of your young wife.” After a pause, said he, faintly, “ I should like to see the Colours of the Regiment once more before I quit them for ever.” They were brought to him, and waved round his wounded body. His countenance brightened, he smiled, and declaring himself satisfied, he was carried from the field.—In all this you will see the falling of a hero—a delicacy of sentiment, a self-devotion, and a resignation, which have never been surpassed.”

“ Yet die well-pleas’d to think ’twas not your lot,  
 “ Whose life’s involv’d in that of your young wife !

“ O ! let the colours of the regiment wave  
 “ Before my eyes, ere they are clos’d in death ;  
 “ So shall I peaceful sink into the grave,  
 “ And joyous yield to heav’n my parting breath.”

The banner o’er his pallid form unfurl’d,  
 He faintly smil’d, and said, with look serene,  
 “ Adieu, my noble friend—adieu, O world !”  
 When death step’d in, and clos’d the solemn scene.

Long as shall live the memory of the brave  
 In loyal hearts, who hold their country dear,  
 So long, O MILLER ! on thy honour’d grave  
 May sighing patriots drop the hallow’d tear.

---

## THE GENIUS OF ALBION.

~\*~\*~

**T**HAT power whose word creative from the womb  
 Of Chaos call’d this world to form and light—  
 With whom of time there’s no succession, but  
 The past, the present, and the future, are  
 One endless NOW !—beholding that with men  
 Evils would multiply ; religion, truth,

---

And virtue, wander outcasts on the earth,  
For their reception, in those evil days,  
Decreed a fair asylum, and amid  
The wavy deep bade peerless Albion shine.

As erst at gate of Eden, prone to guard  
The tree of life, that power an angel plac'd  
With two-edg'd sword, which turning ev'ry way  
All access mar'd ; so here, well pleas'd he bade  
The genius of our isle triumphant wave  
The two-edg'd sword of justice and of valour,  
To guard our shores ; oppression keep at bay,  
Screen innocence, and from the spoiler's hand  
Religion, truth, and virtue, nobly shield.

Late from the waters when the beast arose,  
The hydra Corsican, and bellowing op'd  
His jaws, wide belching flame and deadly stench,  
That suffocated nations, Albion stood  
Compos'd and fearless, tho' at her was aim'd  
His tenfold rage—aim'd to annihilate !  
When war's hoarse thunders shook the Continent,  
And 'cross the channel flaming bolts were hurl'd,  
By Europe's scourge, whose paths are mark'd with blood,  
The genius of our isle her shield oppos'd,  
And warded off the shafts, which fell remote  
On other lands ; nor harmless fell, but slew  
Their tens of thousands ; from where Java breasts

The wave, or Nile and Ganges roll their floods,  
 To northmost regions, where the hardy Russ  
 Dwells mid eternal snows—her isle exempt  
 From foe inveterate, and the seat of war.

So when a ship out-bound from Albion's coast,  
 Is caught in th' Indian ocean, or perchance  
 The gulph of Florida, with thunder-storms  
 That shake high heav'n, and scorch the nether worlds—  
 While devastation marks the tempest's path  
 Upon the continent, and trees and domes  
 Uprooted and o'erthrown, and villages,  
 With their inhabitants o'erwhelm'd and lost,  
 In one huge ruin undistinguish'd lie—  
 The active seamen to attractive spears  
 Conducting chains affix, and o'er the side  
 Guide the red thunderbolts into the deep,  
 That hisses, boils and foams,—their ship meantime  
 Uninjur'd, the brave crew keep to their posts,  
 And dauntless, tho' not impious, brave the storm.

---

## WAR.

(Written after Bonaparte's return from Elba to Paris.)

~ ~

**L**ATE, gentle muse, of smiling Peace we sung,  
 Of swords and sabres sheath'd, and bows unstrung,  
 When war his flaming shafts no longer hurl'd,  
 And peace and concord harmoniz'd the world.

---

But other themes must now our song employ,  
That wring the soul, and damp the general joy ;  
Again wild War remounts his blood-stain'd throne,  
And spreads his banners, to new mischief prone ;  
Again the fiery courser paws the ground,  
The rider pants to deal the death around ;  
Assembled nations anxious wait the word  
To rush to battle, and unsheath the sword.  
Again our seamen ply the dashing oar,  
Return the parting cheer, and leave the shore ;  
Again our fleets sheet home the ample sail,  
And on the billows bound before the gale ;  
While Britain's flag, with daring pomp unfurl'd,  
Goes forth once more to rule the wavy world.

Ye mighty sovereigns ! say what selfish schemes  
Made your Vienna Councils end in dreams ?  
Why did you not, in league with Castlereagh,  
Subvert the wiles of Bonaparte and Ney ?  
Yes, these are questions which the simple ask—  
But to watch tyrants is no easy task ;  
Where faith, nor principle, nor honour bind,  
Where solemn oaths are broke, and words are wind ;  
Chains only bind them ; and to fix those on  
Belong to courage, and to War alone.  
The opposition champion, in this case,  
Would shun the war, and seek disgraceful peace !  
Forbid it, heav'n, we should delight in blood,  
Or aught that is not for our country's good !

But when the laws of nations have been broke,  
 And haughty tyrants would impose their yoke;  
 When treaties safe protection can't afford—  
 Self preservation cries—"Unsheathe the Sword!"

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## TO MR. JOHN JACKSON,

AUTHOR OF

"AN ADDRESS TO TIME," &c.

~

**HAIL!** plaintive bard of HARROP WOOD,  
 Sweet child of nature! wise and good,  
 A stranger bids thee hail;—  
 From where green ERIN in the west,  
 Sits like a mole on ocean's breast,  
 Wave-borne to ALBION's isle.

Thy gift\* a friend did late impart,  
 I read it, and I read thy heart  
 In thy "unletter'd" tale;—  
 A heart sour critics cannot blame,  
 It harbours nought to stain thy fame,  
 That prudence need conceal.

---

\* "An Address to Time."



ME learning's ray doth never cheer,  
Thro' mental shades and mazes drear,  
    I darkling grope my way ;—  
But men of feeling have combin'd  
To pour a flood, upon THY mind,  
    Of scientific day.

May learning ne'er intoxicate  
Thy brain, nor folly find a seat  
    Where wisdom dwelt before ;—  
To nature's voice still lend an ear,  
Still keep in mind thy former sphere,  
    And profit by thy lore.

Tongues, arts, and sciences combine;  
To render various knowledge thine,  
    And bid thy genius glow ;—  
May heav'n too grant a competence,  
Else learning, feeling, song, and sense,  
    May prove the source of woe.

Beware, fond youth, beware of love,  
And shun, O shun th' Idalian grove,  
    With early prudence meet ;—  
Fly captivating beauty's snare,  
Lest disappointment and despair  
    Embitter ev'ry sweet.

O may relenting fortune own,  
For ONCE, the muse's tuneful son,  
And on thy labours smile ;—  
May gen'rous patrons own thy lay,  
And bid thee shine, no distant day,  
The pride of Albion's isle.

1812.

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## ENIGMA.

BY A L A D Y.

—

AS quick as thought I seem to fly,  
Yet not a step at all move I ;  
My guard is made of pointed steel,  
Whose slightest touch you'd keenly feel ;  
My voice is music softly play'd,  
Altho' a word I never said !  
My garment's made of woollen store,  
And yet a coat I never wore ;  
My food once bloom'd a beaut'ous flow'r,  
Yet never meat did I devour ;  
The drink that does my thoughts invite,  
Once glow'd with life ;—and oft gives light !  
The King, the Lord, the lowly hind,  
From me both peace and comfort find ;

I dwell in cots ;—I grace the crown,  
 I deck the queen, and warm the clown ;  
 Now if you can my name, pray, spell,  
 Which such strange contradictions tell.

ARMAGH, 1809.

## ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA,

BY A LADY.



“ AS quick as thought” you “ fly” indeed,  
 Yet not a single “ step” you tread ;  
 Your “ guard” is ornamented with  
 (Shark-like) a double row of teeth ;  
 Your “ voice is music, softly play’d,”  
 When footed by the spinster-maid.  
 Your “ garment” is a “ woollen” band,  
 Which doth the whole machine command.  
 The mystic “ food,” you don’t “ devour,”  
 Is flax, which bears a sky-blue “ flow’r.”  
 Your “ drink” is oil, which came from whale,  
 Land animal, or Greenland seal,  
 Which mixt with wick, if I judge right,  
 From midnight lamps affords us “ light.”  
 “ King,” “ Lord,” and “ Hind,” are cloth’d by you  
 In fine-spun robes of green or blue.

You "dwell in cots," where industry  
 Doth place thee at the maiden's knee.  
 You "grace the crown"—most truly said,  
 For ERIN's wealth's the LINEN TRADE.  
 You "deck" the "Queen" with linen fine,  
 Who prides to wear it next her skin;  
 And I, poor bard! must humbly own  
 With coarser robes you "warm the clown."  
 If I your obscure "name can spell,"  
 I think it is the—S-P-I-N-N-I-N-G W-H-E-E-L.  
 LONDONDERRY, 1809.

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## EPITHALAMIUM:

---

FRIEND M\*\*\*\*\*d let me wish thee joy,  
 And happiness, without alloy,  
 In the connubial state;  
 May she, who yielded to thy arms  
 The rich possession of her charms,  
 Long live thy happy mate.

'Tis not her flowing locks of hair,  
 Her eye, or skin, tho' bright and fair,  
 Or smile, can make thee blest;

---

But the endowments of the mind,  
Love, honour, truth, and sense refin'd—  
Sweet inmates of her breast.

Far hence be envy, coldness, strife,  
Attendants oft on marriage life,  
That dash the cup of bliss ;  
And hence be anger, pride, and spleen,  
And jealousy, with eye of green,  
That sours the sweetest kiss.

May love, joy, harmony, and peace,  
Attend thee—and a blooming race  
Cheer the calm eve of life ;  
May she in thee a husband find,  
Fond, and congenial to her mind,—  
And thou a virtuous wife.

When, full of virtue, and of years,  
Death calls ye from this vale of tears,  
And life's last throb is o'er ;  
May your bless'd spirits meet above,  
And share the joys of heav'nly love,  
Where parting is no more.

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## THE LORD'S PRAYER.\*



FATHER, who art in heav'n, hallowed be  
 Thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done  
 In earth as heav'n. Give us our daily bread;  
 As we our debtors so our debts forgive.  
 Into temptation lead not, but from ill  
 Deliver us; for thine the kingdom is,  
 The pow'r, and glory, evermore.—AMEN.



## THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.



ONE night of late a loyal "Watch and Ward,"  
 Sworn in the public peace to guard,  
 Went out to drag some rebels to the bar;  
 And when return'd, those men of war,

---

\* It is to be lamented that the Lord's Prayer, in the prosaic form in which it stands in the New Testament, is too much neglected by both the Clergy and Laity of certain mushroom denominations; if the novelty of the little poetical embellishments I have bestowed upon it can procure it more admirers among either the one or the other of them, I hope it will, in some measure, atone for the liberty I have taken with it, as I have endeavoured neither to "add" nor "diminish."

And special trustees,  
Assembled, without hurt or scar,  
To state their prowess to a Country Justice.

The captain of the squad—" here, may it please  
Your worship, we have brought three felons ;  
But one call'd Enoch, who stole bread and cheese,  
And oft extorted Bank of England fees,  
Escap'd our talons."

" These may be guilty, Sir," the Justice cry'd,  
" But Enoch's theft must be deny'd,  
His case is quite mis-stated;  
For in the bible 'tis expressly said  
(Before Bank notes or Cheshire cheese were made),  
That Enoch was translated !"

1812.

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## TOBACCO.

—————To sage experience we owe  
 The Indian weed unknown to ancient times,  
 Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume  
 Extracts superfluous juices, and refines  
 The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts ;  
 Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland  
 It gently mitigates ; companion fit  
 Of pleasantry and wine ; nor to the bards  
 Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell  
 Warble melodious their well-labour'd songs.

PHILLIPS.

**T**HE poor man struggles with an ILL, whose sting  
 Is felt, alas ! full oft on sea and land,  
 Privation of a fascinating plant  
 Yclept TOBACCO—total want of which,  
 In one who us'd it for a length of time,  
 Will sour the sweetest temper, whether he  
 Take snuff, or chew, or smoke the reeking tube.  
 Happy the man who, free from want and pain,  
 In seal-skin pouch, or shining box contains  
 A quid of fresh tobacco ! he nor rolls  
 In vain the restless tongue thro' tasteless mouth,  
 Nor substitutes weak liquorice, spongy root,  
 Nor wooden pegs that bound Tobacco roll ;—  
 But when old men and wives the empty box  
 Indignant view, and shatter on hearth stone

---

Their useless pipes, at rates and taxes rail,  
And curse good governments, he in his cheek  
With heart uplift the lusty quid doth cram,  
And feasts his palate on the savoury juice.  
Or if transform'd to sherroot or segar,  
(THAT us'd in India, in Columbia THIS)  
Or minc'd in milk-white tube, by fire he sits,  
And smokes, pleas'd with the taste, and fragrant smell,  
And ev'ry whiff wafts odourous clouds on high ;—  
While ever and anon the flowing can  
Of English stingo, and the jocund tale  
Of other days, goes round the festive board.  
Last, tho' not least, the snuff-box, richly set  
With costly diamonds (such as CASTLEREAGH,  
From public purse, on foreign courts late showr'd  
In vast profusion, and at vast expence)  
Opes on the golden hinge, and the huge pinch  
To nostril, wide expanded, close apply'd,  
Infusing wisdom, clears the muddy brain  
Of deep-wig'd Judge, or mitred Prelate grave,  
Dispensing law and gospel to mankind.

To thee, O Raleigh ! Europe's sons, who use  
The Indian weed, can never half repay  
Their debt of gratitude—of daring soul,  
He plough'd thro' unknown seas, scan'd distant realms,  
And on his safe return first introduc'd  
This soother of our woes—this pastime sweet,

That heightens friendship, and the social hour.  
 Tho' JAMES\* condemn'd Tobacco—and a Bard,  
 More learn'd and popular, with him took part,  
 The famous COWPER—tho' in latter days  
 CLARKE† join'd their standard, and dull CAMBRO‡ strove  
 To hobble in the rear—yet greater he,  
 In sense and song, who sung its deathless praise,  
 Immortal Phillips—"splendid" son of fame.

Such, and so strong the force of habit is,  
 That CAMBRO's lectures, tho' in various tongues  
 Wide spread, can never make real proselytes  
 Of those who use Tobacco—CAMBRO says,  
 "A needle dip'd in its strong juice will kill  
 "An animal"—but may not arrows slay,  
 And needles kill, whose points were never daub'd

---

\* Our James I. wrote a treatise expressly against the use of this exotic weed—he says that were he to invite the Devil to a dinner, he should have three dishes; first a pig; second a poll of ling and mustard; and third, a pipe of tobacco for digesture. Of a different opinion was Dr. Johnson, who once remarked that, since the disuse of smoking among the better sort of people, suicide has been more frequent in this country than it was before.

† "When many of the Tobacco consumers get into trouble or under any cross or affliction, instead of looking to God for support; the PIPE, the SNUFF BOX, or the TWIST, is applied to with quadruple earnestness; so that four times, (I might say in some cases ten times) the usual quantity is consumed on such occasions. What a COMFORT is this weed in time of sorrow!—what a SUPPORT in time of trouble!—in a word, what a GOD!"

‡ A medical gentleman of Llanrwst, in Wales, whose real name is ROBERTS—he was well known in the columns of the "CHESTER HERALD," in 1811, where he was pited with ERINUS on the subject of Tobacco.

With 'bacco juice or poison?—but, again,  
 “ It can't guard off contagion ”—it hath been  
 The second mean ; due honor to the first.  
 In Philadelphia, when the raging plague  
 Dealt death around; the Negroes, and the French,  
 Still us'd Tobacco, and remain'd in town,  
 Yet died not ! but a vain misguided race,  
 Who thought that smoking was quite ungenteel,  
 And would not stain their breath, nor singe their beards,  
 With pipe, or roll'd segar, in hundreds fell,  
 And choak'd up doors and halls, and strew'd the streets !  
 But mark how well this CAMBRO can describe  
 The ways men use this bless'd Virginian weed,  
 Which helps to crush rebellion in the state,  
 And feuds in families—when mildly tax'd,  
 First, as a “ sternutatory,”—now who  
 Could think this sounding phrase implied to—sneeze ?  
 Next—“ goes in form of vapour to the lungs ”—  
 What form has vapour ? vapour here means smoke !  
 Then as a “ masticatory ”—in this  
 Dark phrase we dimly recognize the—quid !  
 CLARKE calls this precious weed a “ God,” our “ hope ”  
 In “ sorrow,” and in “ trouble ” our “ support,”  
 Ador'd as “ pipe,” as “ snuff-box,” or as “ twist ! ”  
 But CLARKE and CAMBRO both may chew the cud  
 Of disappointment ; their fanatic zeal  
 Shall make few proselytes. Heav'n for the good  
 Of man bestow'd this plant, and why not use

---

With moderation what it freely gave ?  
All things were made for use of man or beast—  
Beasts touch it not ! hence CLARKE and CAMBRO keep  
Your ideal “ Gods,” and “ potions” to yourselves,  
And leave us to enjoy—snuff, pipe, and quid.

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## THE TRAVELLER.

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**K**EEN is the frost, and piercing the north wind,  
To him of pocket light, and thin attire ;  
What pains must vex his body and his mind,  
Far from a flowing glass, and blazing fire.

On Glossop hills I've seen a wanderer roam,  
Oppress'd with hunger, cold, and speechless woe ;  
Remote from friends, from happiness, and home,  
The sport of whirling winds, and drifting snow.

No hope of shelter, pennyless, forlorn,  
All sad he plods his dreary way alone ;  
Perhaps to fall a victim ere the morn,  
His grey head pillow'd on some frozen stone.

---

He reaches Marple, lifts his languid eyes,  
And casts them sullen on the ale-house light ;  
The toper's song adds fuel to his sighs—  
Poor man ! at Mellor he must sleep to-night.

I feel his agonies, lament his fate,  
Drop tear for tear, and answer sigh with sigh ;  
For such, alas ! was once my hapless state—  
Such, reader, may be yours before you die.

Enough ! enough ! misfortune's baneful cup  
In deadly stupor sense and action binds ;  
He bows his head, depriv'd of strength and hope,  
And sighs his soul among the midnight winds.

Peace to thy ashes, Trav'ler ! may thy grave  
Be frequent dew'd with soft compassion's tear ;  
O may thy soul and body both receive,  
That happines and rest denied them here !

Written at Marple Bridge, Jan. 30, 1811.

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## EPIGRAM,

ON THE DEATH OF AN IRISH QUACK DOCTOR.



“**P**YSICIAN HEAL THYSELF”—poor **PILL-BOX** tried ;  
Mistook his **CASE**, and like his patients—died !

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## EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING THE “**DEATH OF CATO.**”

Painted by **Boucher.**



**A**N Englishman may have a **Roman** nose ;  
Yet **Roman CATO**’s was not one of those !

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## EPIGRAM,

ON **MR. SADLER**, THE CELEBRATED **BALLOONIST**.



**S**OME men are fond, even from their birth,  
Of building “**Castles in the Air** ;”  
But **SADLER** builds them here on earth,  
And afterwards conveys them there !



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# LINES ON THE DEATH

OF

MR. WILLIAM PRIESTNALL, OF STOCKPORT,

SURGEON.



SHALL monuments arise, and Bards await,  
 To crown with verse the nominally great ;  
 Display the ideal virtues of the 'dead,  
 And with false glories deck the mould'ring head ;  
 Whilst men of merit, without song or bust,  
 Sink to the grave, and mingle with the dust ?  
 Forbid it friendship !—He, who bow'd his head,  
 Demands the requiem of the honour'd dead.

The world is now, as in all former days,  
 To error prone in censure, as in praise ;  
 We laud the HERO, whose destructive wrath  
 Hurls bleeding victims to the realms of death ;  
 Who strews the field with legions of the dead,  
 Cut off—"with all their sins upon their head ;"  
 Whilst the wise MAN OF PEACE is deem'd a fool,  
 Of knaves the scorn, the jest, and ridicule !  
 How much more worthy of our praise, the man  
 Who aids his fellow mortals all he can ;  
 To lore medicinal devotes the hour,

---

And learns of plants and herbs the healing pow'r ;  
The good effects that min'rals will produce  
Upon mankind, and their internal use ;  
Curbs the disease inherent with our breath,  
And rescues thousands from the jaws of death ;  
Heals, like the blessed Saviour of mankind,  
The sick and lame, nor passes by the blind ?  
Such late was PRIESTNALL—of a tender heart,  
And skill'd in all the Esculapian art.

Nature had stamp'd the man upon his face,  
And giv'n his figure elegance and grace ;  
His eye, replete with fire, illum'd the whole,  
And beam'd the feelings of his noble soul ;  
Sincere in friendship, of affections warm,  
His converse won you with a secret charm ;  
Firm in the faith, judicious, sober, mild,  
In sense a man, " simplicity a child ;"  
In politics upright, to his last hour  
Unwarp'd by party, and unaw'd by pow'r ;  
He was, what every honest man should be—  
Fond of his COUNTRY, KING, and LIBERTY.  
Possess'd of charity, his liberal mind,  
In philanthropic love, embrac'd mankind;  
He for the poor shew'd as peculiar care  
As others for an heiress, or an heir ;  
It matter'd not what distance ; day or night,  
To render them assistance his delight ;

---

Nor did he wish to add unto his store,  
By hoarding up the pittance of the poor ;  
Attendance, med'cine, all he freely gave,  
Well paid, if he could save them from the grave.  
Thus bless'd he liv'd, in sweet domestic ease,  
Pleas'd with each friend—and every friend could please.

But pleasure never comes without alloy,  
Death snatch'd his WIFE—and then his hopeful BOY ;  
Not more for Absalom could David mourn,  
The tear parental oft bedew'd his urn ;  
And oft the secret health-corroding sigh  
Convuls'd his breast, and sorrow fill'd his eye ;  
Vain, vain, philosophy, thy boasted aid,  
The debt of fond affection must be paid.  
Even friendship lost its charm, its soothing pow'r  
Could not enliven in the trying hour ;  
Weak and more weak, he every day became,  
Till the disease subdu'd his wasting frame ;  
Patient, and humble, to heaven's will resign'd,  
His look was placid, and compos'd his mind ;  
Till by his feelings, and by death oppress'd,  
He sunk serene to everlasting rest.  
What, tho' no warlike trophies deck his urn,  
Nor Parian statues hang their heads and mourn ;  
Yet tears of gratitude shall dew his grave,  
Pour'd from the eyes of those he help'd to save ;  
And future generations point the spot  
Where PRIESTNALL lies—when HEROES are forgot.

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## THE COUNSELLOR

AND

## THE CLOWN.



NORTH, in the land of Erin, when a friend  
Or neighbour is compell'd to bow his head,  
In groupes all ranks and classes nightly blend,  
To drink strong Usquebagh, and wake the dead.

(For births, and marriages, and deaths alike,  
By flowing bowls and mirth are honour'd there—  
Save that the Wesleyans, and Calvinians, make  
The cup more temp'rate, by infusing pray'r)

But chief the wits and talents of the town,  
Drawn by a love of argument and wine ;  
Who with their classic lore surprise the clown,  
And pride in learned paradox to shine.

There I have heard them oft affirm that heat  
Proceeds not from the fire, but from the touch !  
And that Antipodes, beneath our feet,  
Do walk upon their heads—without a crutch !

---

'Twas there a Counsellor, whose name was Moore,  
One night descanting on creation's plan,  
Affirm'd the works of God were perfect, pure,  
And right, from quadrupeds to lordly man.

“ All beasts,” quoth he, “ have language of their own,  
“ They neigh, bark, grunt, lowe, chatter, yell, and  
growl,  
“ By which their joys and sorrows they make known,  
“ From kingly elephant to pedant owl.

“ Hence I contend, upon perfection's plan,  
“ The moment it is born a child can speak,  
“ And, tho' untaught the Babel tongues of man,  
“ A Hebrew sentence flows in every squeak !”

Just then an infant, plac'd on mother's knee,  
Upon its tender smarting legs did p—,  
And loudly squeak'd, and would not silent be,  
But spurn'd the proffer'd pap, and soothing kiss.

“ Pray what's the matter, madam, with your child !”  
Quoth Moore,—“ Why, sir,” replies a clown, “ don't  
you know ?

“ It says my legs are pain'd, my clothes defil'd,  
“ And—and—but, zounds ! you understand the He-  
brew !”

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## QUEEN ANNE'S TROOP.

---



OUR good Queen Anne once to the Continent  
A troop of mares and tailors sent,  
To try their fortune in the war ;  
They took the field, and boldly charg'd the foe,  
But met a total overthrow—  
All hack'd and hew'd with many a bloody scar.

The minister of state approach'd the Queen,  
With timid step, and woeful mein,  
Asham'd to lift his languid eye ;  
And stammer'd out,—“ bad news—bad news—your  
troop”—

Then blush'd and paus'd, and would not stoop,  
Like modern Ministers, to hatch a lie !

“ Bad news! bad news!” cried the astonish'd Queen,  
“ What! have my armies routed been ?

Or doth dark treason shake my throne, still worse ?”

“ My liege, your troop's cut off and slain,

“ Your mares and tailors strew the plain”—

“ Oh ! if that's all,” quoth Anne, in humourous vein,

“ Thank heav'n, I neither have lost man or horse !”

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## ÆRONAUTS.



OF all inventions which ingenious man  
Hath yet found out, methinks the art to rise  
In air balloon excels ; because it lifts  
Both soul and body, like the Seer of old,  
From earth to heav'n ! each christian doth revere  
Our old reformers, who from Popish night  
Releas'd these isles, and bade the gospel dawn  
Direct us heav'n-ward—yes, their names are dear.  
But, oh ! what reverence, praise, and gratitude,  
Are due from us to those bold Æronauts,  
Who, disentangl'd from all earthly ties,  
Point out the road to heav'n—and soar aloft !  
Nor shall we rob thee, Persia, of thy due,  
Whose daring son, the first brave Æronaut,  
Tower'd 'cross the Hellespont in air balloon,  
And stooping on the plains of Asia, fill'd  
Mahomed's followers with dread of death,  
They deeming that he had return'd to earth,  
To punish their ingratitude and sin !  
Nor less should we thy memory revere  
Fam'd Blanchard ! who from the Italian plains  
'Rose in balloon, and eager grasp'd at heav'n !  
But missing of thy aim, thy holy aim,  
Fell on thy mother earth a pallid corse !  
While thy freed spirit took a nearer road



---

To heav'n—and left thy body here behind,  
What strength of virtue, piety, and grace,  
Religious zeal, and christian fortitude—  
What just contempt of all life's fleeting joys,  
And gilded lures, must fill thy raptur'd breast,  
O SADLER! who so ardently late strove,  
In air balloon, to reach the gates of heav'n !

Another Æronautic tribe, whom we  
May call light-infantry, on well-pois'd wing  
Ascend the air, and float upon the clouds !  
Improving on the plain of Icarus,  
(Whose waxen wings the sun-beam erst dissolv'd,  
And in the father's view destroy'd the son)  
Lo ! Claudius, like an eagle soars aloft,  
With ease, and wings it at four knots an hour !  
Him Berblinger, and Degen, rival wights  
For plummy fame, have imitated oft,  
And dauntless soaring thro' aerial climes,  
Can boast as daring, and as fleet a wing.  
Were all our pulpits chang'd to air balloons,  
Or thick begirt with wings, like cherubim,  
And ready to ascend, how many priests,  
And holy Prelates, would cling to their seats,  
Leave stipends, livings, pleasure, pomp, and pow'r,  
(Things they would fain persuade us they despise)  
And, full of christian hope, like SADLER soar,  
To barter earth for heav'n—alas, how few !

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## THE BRAMIN.

---

ONE morn unto an orange grove,  
On GANGES banks, I stray'd,  
To hail the Muse, and early strove  
To woo her in the shade—

When, lo ! I was surpris'd to see  
A man approach the flood,  
And, gravely bowing down the knee,  
Adore the—LIQUID GOD !

His head a twisted turban grac'd,  
His beard unshaven hung ;  
In eastern lore he was well vers'd,  
And spake the English tongue.

The BRAMIN, on approach, salam'd,\*  
I like obeisance paid—  
Hail, eastern Sire, for learning fam'd,  
“ All hail ! my son,” —he said.

But Father why dost thou bow down  
To worship this dead stream ?

---

\* A salutation, performed by lifting the palm of the right hand to the forehead.

We christians know no God but one,  
JEHOVAH is his name.

He made this GANGES—you and me,  
Yea, earth, and heaven, and skies ;  
To HIM all men should bow the knee,  
To him alone give praise.

“ My son,” said he, “ this God of thine  
“ Say, hast thou ever seen ?  
“ Or from thy ancient sires, like mine,  
“ Down hath he handed been ?

“ This God my sires of old ador’d,  
“ And I shall still adore ;  
“ You worship but your father’s God,  
“ And do I any more ?

Sire, God’s not seen by mortal eyes,  
But, lo, he sent his SON  
Down from the regions of the skies,  
To save a world undone.

He heal’d the sick, he cur’d the blind,  
The lame—and rais’d the dead !  
Shew’d God, by FAITH, unto mankind,  
And then died in their stead.

“ My Son this old mysterious tale  
“ I’ve often heard before—  
“ But your traditions nought avail,  
“ My God I will adore.

“ Nor think it strange that I deny  
“ Christ dying for the soul—  
“ Your PRIESTLY, full as learn’d as I,  
“ And PAINE, deny the whole.”

Ah! cease my Sire—“ Ah ! cease my Son,”  
The hoary sage replied ;  
“ WE and the CHRISTIANS should be one,  
“ Our Gods are near allied—

“ The unpoluted GANGES’ stream  
“ We reverently adore ;  
“ But mix’d with RUM, you Christians seem  
“ To worship it much more.”

He said, and ceas’d—nor would he hear—  
But tied his sandals on ;  
We both SALAM’D—farewell my Sire,  
“ Farewell,” said he, “ my Son.”

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 THE COLLEGE.
 

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“WHERE dwelleth wisdom?” in the College—JOB  
 Hadst thou but liv’d in this our day, no such  
 Enquiry thou hadst made—but, JOB, thy lot  
 Was cast in an unpleasant place, and age  
 To Colleges unknown; hence well might’st thou  
 Enquire, “where dwelleth wisdom?” in thy day  
 To fear the Lord was wisdom; to depart  
 From evil, understanding; but our age  
 Is big with new refinements. Since thy time,  
 Fir’d with the love of knowledge, mankind met  
 In groupes to fathom science—and attain  
 Perfection in the arts. But, rude at first,  
 Wild, and unpolish’d, in their infancy,  
 Sat cheerless in the academic shade.  
 But with their knowledge grew their love of ease,  
 Of pomp, and grandeur; hence fam’d Greece, & Rome,  
 Forsook the shade, simplicity forsook,  
 And sought the lordly dome, and splendid hall.  
 But, his meridian gain’d, the radiant sun  
 Of science set! but set to rise again  
 In other climes, and brighten other lands.  
 Elaps’d the tedious night of ignorance,  
 He flash’d the morn on Albion’s favour’d isle,  
 And put forth all his beams! And soon our youth

In Colleges conven'd, where wisdom, sense,  
 Arts, sciences, and every virtue met,  
 As in a focus meet the rays of light—  
 And now the College-wand has the rare charm  
 Of curing ignorance, even by the touch ;  
 And students, tho' mere dunces from the womb,  
 Assume by simple process all the sage,  
 And shine in pulpits, or adorn the state !  
 Yet some men dare affirm (unhallowed wights !)  
 There is no virtue in the touch, save where  
 It lights on genius—How absurd ! each day  
 Convinces us the touch makes folly wise !  
 Here wisdom, like Elijah, deigns to throw  
 Her mantle o'er the plough-man, or perchance  
 The artist's son, or humble COLLIER BOY,  
 Diffusing heavenly mind, and genius bland—  
 When patronage, from poverty's cold dews  
 Transplants the opening flower of latent worth,  
 And bids it flourish in the genial sun  
 Of College lore, and scientific air.

What tho' the students leave the sacred walls,  
 And in the tavern midnight revels hold,  
 And sacrifice to Bacchus, while perhaps  
 The cyprian nymphs in wanton dalliance cling  
 Around their necks, and on their lips impress  
 The burning kiss, and eager quaff the bowl—  
 What tho' they saunter nightly through the streets

In noisy groupes, with knotted clubs assail  
The watch, and war on lamps and sign-posts wage—  
What tho' some overleap the sacred mound,  
Where foot profane, should never dare to tread,  
And, with the prowling resurrection men,  
Disturb the dead, and rob the silent tomb—  
Such acts cannot dissolve the College-charm,  
Nor render them debas'd—for Wisdom still  
Delights to bless her children, and the morn  
Beholds them sober, studious, grave, and wise!

All hail! O College! wisdom's radiant source,  
And light of worlds! To thee great Solomon  
Bequeath'd his all! but no provision made  
For cottage poor, of ignorance dark home.  
Would it not be a meritorious act  
In you, most wise Collegians! to exchange  
Place with the village Hinds, for a short term?  
Your knowledge would improve our rising youth,  
Instill good precepts, and direct their minds  
In quest of moral truth, and rectitude;  
And the salubrious country air afford  
Fresh vigour to your minds; and brace your nerves,  
Relax'd by study, or by town delights—  
And, Sirs, on your return, our simple Hinds,  
By College-wand transform'd, would issue forth  
Pre-eminent in wisdom! In the scale  
Of being hold high rank! with Milton soar



In song sublime ! with Newton read the stars !  
 Or with immortal Tillotson explore  
 The sacred page of life ! and stock the world  
 With Bards, Philosophers, and grave Divines !

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## SOLITUDE.

—ooo—

Hail, mildly-pleasing Solitude,  
 Companion of the wise and good :  
 But from whose holy piercing eye,  
 The herd of fools and villains fly.

THOMSON.

HOW blest the man, who from vain pomp retires,  
 And lives recluse, in Solitude's lone bower ;  
 There heav'n-born wisdom, free from base desires,  
 Completes his bliss, and crowns each circling hour.

There, whilst the Hermit worships nature's God,  
 Beside his winding brooks and moss-girt springs,  
 Serenely blest he sits on the green sod,  
 Looks with contempt on crowns—and pities kings !

There, if religion charm thy studious mind,  
 Retire from jarring schools, and priests uncouth ;

---

Pure sermons learn of an exalted kind, !  
For nature preaches—and she preaches truth !

There, view the sun, the soul of plants and flowers,  
Invigorate earth's vegetable tribe ;  
And wisely learn an equal fate is ours,  
To God our health and being we ascribe.

There, when rude winds, or nipping frosts destroy  
The vermilrose, pale, wither'd, and decay'd !  
Hence learn that life is but a winter day,  
And thou must shortly mingle with the dead !

There, from the acorn, buried in the vale,  
Behold the royal oak uprear his head ;  
Then let analogy apply the tale,  
And learn the resurrection of the dead !

There, as smooth rivers, winding to and fro,  
From their vast sources glide into the sea,  
Learn—time's unlingering moments steal into  
The boundless ocean of eternity.

There, harsh oppression's bloody, clanking chain,  
Drags no unhappy victim to the war ;  
No husband's in the field of battle slain,  
No widow'd mother wastes in deep despair.

---

There man's more safe alone, we may believe,  
From tempting sexes free, like souls above ;  
How bless'd was Adam, ere he met with Eve—  
But, met, lo, sorrow sought him in the grove !

There, sour Diogenes, more peace possess'd,  
As basking in the sun-beam erst he lay,  
Than Alexander, tho' by Mars caress'd,  
And boasting empire with the god of day !

There, Mantua's deathless bard chose to retire,  
To sing the glorious deeds of Gods and men,  
And the heroic muse lent all her fire  
To guild the strokes of his immortal pen.

There, from gay life Demosthenes withdrew,  
To woo fair wisdom in her lonely cave,  
Nor did the sage in vain the fair pursue,  
For all he ask'd of solitude—she gave.

There Abdolonymus in peace abode,  
Till call'd to wear a crown, and reign alone ;  
But oft look'd back, on his triumphant road,  
And said—" A cottage far exceeds a throne !"

There, fam'd Cumean sybils dwelt of old,  
Who fathom'd fate's deep-hidden mysteries,

---

Pen'd the bold page which future events told—  
But which the Roman knew not how to prize!

There, learn'd Gymnosophists, who had retir'd,  
To study nature's ample volume o'er,  
Agreed—when God's great works they had admir'd,  
That man was made to wonder and adore!

There, God bade Jeremiah to repair,  
To talk with him, and give his soul delight;  
Deign'd heaven's unfathom'd mysteries to declare,  
And flash'd the future on the prophet's sight!

There, to the wilderness our Lord withdrew,  
To taste the pure and balmy sweets of peace;  
While angel-choirs, descending, round him flew,  
And fann'd with seraph wings their Maker's face.

There, in a vision's bright prophetic scene,  
Saint John beheld the mighty King of Kings!  
To him, tho' laid on Patmos' lowly green,  
The God reveal'd unutterable things!

There, our immortal Shakspeare sought repose,  
“ His genius shrowded from the noon-tide glare; ”  
The pleasant banks of Avon's stream he chose,  
And spent the eve of life and genius there.

---

There, with the letter'd world you may converse,  
And with a Newton, or a Milton soar;  
Learn deep philosophy, or heav'n-taught verse,  
And tread the paths those sages trod before.

There Pope in windsor forest spent his hours,  
So sacred to the muse, and dear to fame;  
Wrote verse divine, made Homer's Iliad ours,  
And with unfading glories deck'd his name.

There, would kind heaven but grant my fond request,  
An independent cottage I would crave,  
Where I, like famous Agalus would rest,  
Till death would call me to the silent grave.

There, woo the sacred muse to solemn lays,  
Survey great nature, and her God adore;  
Waste life in meditation, pray'r, and praise,  
And tread the soul-destroying world no more.

There, to thy deepest shades, and grots repair,  
Nor cast on the cold world one wand'ring thought;  
In lone content, live free from pining care,  
And, all forgetting, be by all forgot.

There, far from sour contempt, and noisy mirth,  
The remnant of life's chequer'd moments spend;  
My head reclin'd on the green lap of earth,  
Expire—with heaven my hope, and God my friend.

---

TO MR. M'HENRY,

OF LARNE,

ON READING HIS "BARD OF ERIN," &c. &c.



**HAIL**, Bard of Erin, heav'n-inspir'd,  
 With patriotic genius fir'd,  
 Our country to extol;  
 Thy pleasing numbers, void of art,  
 With latent charms subdue the heart,  
 And steal away the soul.

'Tis thine the time-worn charms to trace,  
 Almost eras'd from ERIN's face,  
 That beauteous shone of yore;  
 Thy pencil gilds each faded line,  
 And bids the shamrock goddess shine  
 Refulgent—as before.

Ev'n ERIN's daughters are thy care,  
 (The fairest maids where all are fair)

Sweet Anna claims it now;  
 Nor shall their Bard forgotten be,  
 Green garlands they shall weave for thee,  
 To deck thy youthful brow.

How blest! thy lot is cast among  
 The sons of science, and of song,  
 The far-fam'd NORTHERN LIGHTS!  
 The literati of the day,  
 And virtuosi praise thy lay,  
 Charm'd with thy happy flights.

The first of ERIN's female train,  
 Who sweetly chaunts the rural strain,  
 The lovely Thespian\* maid;  
 And Hafiz,† pride of his compeers,  
 And learned Percy,‡ full of years,  
 Have own'd thee in the shade.

Sing on, sweet Bard! may fate prove kind,  
 And may YOU to the passing wind,  
 Like ME, ne'er tune your lay—  
 A glimm'ring star, far in the west,  
 On thee, before I sink to rest,  
 I beam my latest ray.

1809.

---

\* The celebrated Miss Owenson.

† Thomas Stott, Esq. Dromore.

‡ Doctor Percy, Bishop of Dromore, who subscribed five guineas to forward the publication of the "Bard of Erin."



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## JERSEY JOHN.

EARLY on a Sunday morning,  
As the bell had reckon'd four,  
The mast-head boy gave us warning—  
“Sail, ho! on the Spanish shore!”

“Mark her well, boy, and examine  
What she's like, and how she steers”—  
“Aye, aye, Sir—I can't determine  
What's her course—she large appears,”

Every stitch of sail we crowded,  
And soon gave her a bow gun—  
She proved the Diana frigate,  
And we were compell'd to run!

Her eighteen pounders hoarsely growled  
Thro' our rigging, thick and hot—  
But right before the wind we rolled,  
And by noon out-sail'd her shot.

“A fleet a-head!” the mast-boy bawled,  
“Rather on our larboard bow”—  
“My lads,” quoth PHILLIPS,\* “we're o'er-hauled,  
Back our topsails, and heave to.”

---

\* Captain of the Angola.

Then the DIANA, cruel fortune !  
    (The look-out-ship of the fleet)  
Boarded us, and impress'd fourteen  
    Of the best men, they could meet.

After we were thus invaded,  
    Back their boat return'd anon,  
Fraught with seamen, invalided—  
    And with them old JERSEY JOHN.

No sooner were we under way got,  
    Than the old man pleas'd my eye—  
And when I had refresh'd the tea-pot,  
    I said—Father, mess with me.

“ Ah ! long I will not be thy mess-mate,  
    “ Long I cannot live at sea—  
“ But, my son, as thou dost press it,  
    “ Lead, and I will follow thee.

“ Fifteen long years I was a captain,  
    “ In the trade to Newfoundlland,  
“ And then those sons of fraud and rapine,  
    “ Over me had no command.

“ A privateering, late from JERSEY,  
    “ I sail'd down the Gallic shore—  
“ When the DIANA, void of mercy,  
    “ Impress'd me, and fifteen more.

“ To the ANGOLA now removed,  
“ I must sail a common TAR—  
“ No more obey’d, caress’d, beloved,  
“ Cruel fortune of fell war !

“ Alas ! my aged wife, my MARY,  
“ Ne’er shall welcome my return—  
“ Shall never close my eyes in JERSEY,  
“ Nor with tears bedew my urn !

“ Twice thirty winters have revolved  
“ Since I breath’d the vital air—  
“ But soon this frame shall be dissolved,  
“ And my bosom freed from care.

“ Ah ! long I will not be thy mess-mate,  
“ Long I cannot live at sea—  
“ But, my son, as thou dost press it,  
“ Lead, and I will follow thee.”

When sailing down the coast of Britain,  
Lo ! he bow’d his hoary head—  
Death drag’d him to the realms of Neptune,  
Where no tomb points out the dead !

But, lo ! the waves, with furious tossing,  
Cast him on his native shore—  
Whom aged MARY, early passing,  
Found—and turn’d him o’er and o’er.

“Tis he! ’tis he!—but sight distressing!

All life’s springs at once were dried—  
And weeping, raving, and caressing,  
On JOHN’s bosom MARY died!

The JERSEYANS found, in death’s embraces,  
The wan pair—and on their stone  
The fisherman reads, as he passes,  
Here MARY lies—and JERSEY JOHN!

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THE

BATTLE OF THE TUB.

~~~~~  
This famous Battle was fought on the 26th day of Sept. 1803,  
off the Island of Palma, between the Angola privateer,  
of Liverpool, and a French Tub.

~~~~~  
——Timely running’s no small part  
Of conduct in the martial art;  
For they that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that’s slain;  
And they who run from th’ enemy,  
Engage them equally to fly;  
And when the fight becomes a chace,  
Those win the day—that win the race.

BUTLER’S HUDIBRAS.

~~~~~  
WHERE Howe beat France in days of yore,  
Or Rodney rul’d the main,  
Where Sumarez made battle roar,

---

Or Nelson swept old Nilus' shore  
To sing exceeds my strain.

Such lofty themes, that honor bring,  
Suit the bright Grub-street club;  
My simple muse, on humble wing,  
Aspires no higher than to sing  
THE BATTLE OF THE TUB.

Round the Black Rock, on Mersey's shore,  
Loud burst the sullen wave,  
When we, in number eighty four,  
To brave the Dutch, and Gallic pow'r,  
Of Liverpool took leave.

Upon the rolling waves borne high,  
Th' Angola ploughs the seas,  
And from mast-head the searching eye,  
Wide as the circle of the sky,  
The horizon surveys.

A bold Manxonian to the war  
Leads forth our chosen crew;  
In him the soldier, honest tar,  
And patriot, united are  
And virtues—not a few.

Next in command, of generous heart,  
And noble mind, stood CULI,\*

---

\* First Lieutenant—and a native of Liverpool.

---

Who from his colours ne'er would start,  
And always took a sailor's part,  
And wink'd at harmless folly.

Next in command—avast! my muse,  
They are beneath thy tale;  
Give them no name in our grand cruize,  
They were of mankind the refuse,  
And chiefly ship'd from jail!

But with your leave I will sketch o'er  
The character of Cook;\*  
Such contrarieties, I'm sure,  
Ne'er deck'd the Poet's page before,  
In any other book.

On board First Rates, of first rate parts,  
He serv'd those men we call kings,  
Had learn'd the Esculapian arts,  
And knew to sketch out maps and charts,  
And likenesses of all things.

His pencil, like his mind, doth stray  
To attitudes of whim;  
From chaste Lucretia, in the fray,  
To that in which lewd Venus lay,  
All are alike to him.

---

Nor is this all—the Hemian muse

Steps in to mend the case ;

His song now teems with subjects loose,

And now with holiness profuse—

Compound of sin and grace !

Like Hudibras, to trot or prance,

His muse hath got the knack ;

Smoothly, like Waller, can advance,

Or soar with Milton heaven's expanse,

In a sublimer track.

He with Apollo tunes the lyre,

With Bacchus quaffs the bowl ;

With Venus he is all desire,

And with Diana void of fire,

A guilty harmles soul !

In short, his portrait to conclude,

And finish his character,

He seems at times as Bunyan good,

At others, gay as Robin Hood,

Then wanton as Rochester.

Thus officer'd, and surgeon'd, we

The wavy world explore ;

Plough thro' rude Biscay's tumbling sea

But not a Dutch or French-man see

Along the sounding shore.



Shut up in port dark-brow'd Mynheer  
The British shot evades ;  
An equal dread chills gay Monsieur,  
And nothing on the seas appear  
But Yankees, Danes and Swedes.

But to our theme, Parnassian Miss,  
Lest us the Critics drub ;  
Let us, like wise Diogenes,  
Lest we abroad should act amiss,  
Retire into our TUB.

As Palma's cliffs we sailed nigh,  
Sol gilt the morning wave ;  
The mast-head-man had climb'd on high,  
And right a-beam, in the wind's eye,  
A sail he did perceive.

“ All hands make sail ! ” our Captain cried,  
“ My lads she is a foe ;  
“ Ten guns she mounts on either side,  
“ But we will humble her French pride,  
“ Before the sun gets low.”

Out fly the reefs, a crow'd of sail,  
Low and aloft appears,  
And swift we bound before the gale,  
But cannot near her, within hail,  
So well she sails and steers.

The chace did last from morn till night,  
But Monsieur kept a-head ;  
When aided, Luna, by thy light,  
I saw the gods (amazing sight !)  
Conven'd in council dread.

Old Plutus rose with club in hand,  
And visage threatening war,  
One foot he set on Peru's land,  
One on Poctolus' golden sand,  
And rais'd his head in air.

O'er the vast deep, as o'er a brook,  
Thus Plutus stood a-stride,  
And thrice his golden mace he shook,  
And thrice the rolling billows strook—  
When Neptune rear'd his head.

“ Who dares, so rude, at this lone hour,  
To breake my soft repose ?  
By Jove, the over-ruling pow'r,  
Tho' gods can't other gods devour,  
We are eternal foes.”

“ Ah, Neptune ! why so rash,” quoth he,  
“ To one who craves thy aid ?  
“ Lo, Gallia's sons, who worship me,  
“ From Albion's Tars are forc'd to flee,  
“ Their thunders to evade.

“ Deep in the centre of her hold  
“ Lies bullion, safely stow’d—  
“ The warlike English, ever bold,  
“ Pursue in hope to gain the gold,  
“ But worship not its god.

“ O, Neptune! let thy hand deform  
“ With waves old Ocean’s face,  
“ Let Boreas too his part perform,  
“ That, in the tumult of the storm,  
“ John Bull may drop the chace.”

Then frowning Neptune stern reply’d,  
“ To this I can’t agree,  
“ Your base request must be deny’d,  
“ For Albion’s flag, of old my pride,  
“ Must ever rule the sea !”

From Hemus, and Parnassus’ height,  
His head Apollo rear’d,  
His temples beam’d a sacred light,  
Such as inspir’d the Stagarite,  
Or the Meonian Bard.

“ Hail ! Neptune, hail !” Apollo said,  
“ Thou like thyself hast spoke ;  
“ Let no rude storms thy deeps invade,  
“ But bid the rolling waves be stay’d,  
“ That Monsieur may be took.

" On board two of my sons behold,  
 " Whom Plutus forc'd to sea,  
 " From whom, since first as mine enroll'd,  
 " The frowning god with-held his gold,  
 " Despising them and me."

Then ruddy Bacchus reeling 'rose,  
 Like an Hibernian chief;  
 He, for one foot mount Hemus chose,  
 The other, stretched out, stood close  
 On winey Teneriffe.

" Why thus debate, ye gods divine !  
 " About this English dog ?  
 " I'll balk him, by this arm of mine,  
 " For while La Vengeance flows with wine,  
 " Th' Angola's men want grog.

" Abaft the binnacle each soul  
 " Reels with intemperance ;  
 " The petty tyrants quaff the bowl,  
 " While Britain's Tars are left to growl  
 " At me—at time, and chance:

" Survey the ship, now under sail,  
 " Survey her gallant crew ;  
 " Must they drink nought but Adam's ale,  
 " Dealt out by measure, scant, and stale—  
 " Ye gods ! 'twill never do !"

Then haggard Night, of ebon face,

Into the Council came—

“Bacchus with me thou hast found grace,

“The French I’ll screen in my embrace,

“The English put to shame.

“I’ll send Minerva,” said old Night,

“To give them a false fire ;

“And while they with the shadow fight,

“Assisted by my gloomy might,

“The substance shall retire.”

Debates of various kinds arose,

And they spake one and all ;

And actually had come to blows,

Or scratching, ere the final close,—

But Jove was heard to call !

The godly Council fled—and Night

Hid the French ship from view ;

But we stood on, when lo, a light,

A gun-shot off, appear’d in sight,

Perceiv’d by all our crew !

Our Captain cried—“My British sons—

Fire ! and your foe subdue ;”

Then fore and aft loud roar’d our guns—

When he again—“avast ! by zounds

“My lads she has hove to.”

The light appear'd of common size,  
But, what a strange hubbub !  
The Captain stamp'd and d—d his eyes,  
To find, in place of a rich prize,  
A—FLAMBEAU IN A TUB !

To board the Tub our boat was lower'd,  
To scan this odd affair ;  
But they had powder stow'd on board,  
Which blew the Tub, as loud it roar'd,  
In fragments thro' the air !

Ye British Captains hence be wise,  
And give our Tars their due ;  
Else may you never take a prize,  
But d—n, like Phillips,\* limbs and eyes,  
When Bacchus proves your foe.

Long may the Fleets of Albion reign  
Victorious, and still drub  
The Fleets of Holland, France, and Spain,  
And blow their timbers o'er the main,  
As Phillips blew the Tub !

One small request, Posterity,  
Of you the Author begs—  
May th' Battle of the Tub ne'er dye,

---

\* Phillips—Captain of the Angola, and a native of the Isle of Man.

---

But live for ever, and for aye,  
With—"The Battle of the Kegs."\*

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## SHIPWRECK

OF THE

## SALDANHA FRIGATE,

Commanded by the Honourable Captain Pakenham, in 1811.

---

**D**ARK was the winter night, loud howl'd the storm,  
On Erin's coast, thick fell the driving snows,  
And hoarsely thunder'd on the rocky shores  
The bursting billows, lash'd by western winds,  
When the Saldanha haul'd her wind, and stood  
For Swilly—to seek shelter from the storm.

---

\* This transmarine production, "The Battle of the Kegs," is written in the style of "John Gilpin," and bids fair for an equal share of immortality—During the first American War, an English squadron, placed at Fort Mifflin, in the Delaware, five miles from Philadelphia, entirely blockaded that river, and put a total stop to trade—The Philadelphians launched a squadron of Kegs filled with combustable matter, and sent them down in the night with the tide of ebb, in hopes to destroy our squadron at anchor—but some of the Kegs blowing up before they reached their destination, our Tars took the alarm, slipped their cables, and with a few broadsides of grape-shot entirely destroyed this formidable YANKEE SQUADRON.



---

The tempest thickens, and the wind a-head  
Compels the frequent tack—"All hands" on deck  
Share in the arduous task of Tacking ship,  
And now to starboard, now to larboard swing  
The ponderous yards, which veer the sails oblique  
To catch the wind, and shoot the ship a-head.  
They make head-way, but still no land appears,  
No friendly star is seen, no light-house gleams,  
To kindle hope, or guide them through the gloom.  
Black are the heavens, the bursting tempest roars,  
And all around the boiling ocean foams.  
At length they make Lough Swilly Bay; not made  
To them unknown; less furious beat the winds,  
And mount the waves; all deem themselves secure—  
Deceitful hope! lo, crash on Swilly Rock  
Their goodly ship is dash'd! in fragments hurl'd  
Wide o'er the midnight waves, that foam and roar,  
Burst on the rugged shore, and vomit fire—  
And her staunch Crew are plung'd into the deep,  
For ever, ever lost!—save two, who breast  
The freezing wave, and struggle with the storm.  
And who are these? the noble PAKENHAM,  
Who lately bore command, and a bold Tar.  
But vain their fortitude, their daring vain!  
The morn beheld them stretch'd upon the shore  
Lifeless, and stiff, amid the frozen snows,  
The sad remains of the Saldanha's crew!  
O, what a change! that Ship which lately plough'd

The wave majestic, and on Gallia's shores  
Unfurl'd her pendant, daring to the fight  
The coward foe, who skulk'd in port secure—  
That ship, where lately mirth and frolic reign'd,  
And twice two hundred British Seamen yearn'd  
To meet the fight, and grapple with the foe—  
That ship is now no more ! her chosen crew  
Have perish'd in the twinkling of an eye !  
O had they fallen in battle, in the cause  
Of freedom and their country, there had been  
Some consolation in our tears—but, ah !  
To be ingulph'd in the o'erwhelming deep,  
Without a moment's warning, in the prime  
Of health and years—it makes the blood run cold !  
But why repine ? the will of heaven be done,  
Which, for wise ends, beyond our mortal ken,  
Permits, what seeming evil, may prove good.  
Behold, ere long, the Trumpet's awful sound,  
More dismal, loud, and terrible, than all  
The waves of ocean, and the winds of heaven,  
Shall sound an end to Time—and this vast Globe,  
The Bark of Nations, which now sails secure  
Through airy seas of space, be rudely dash'd  
Against some pond'rous Comet, or perchance  
The rocks of fate, dissever'd, and ingulph'd  
In pristine chaos, and her screaming crew  
Hurl'd to destruction—tho' that crew a WORLD !

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## THE BURNING.

OF A

### GENTOO LADY.



AT Salampore, the youth COONI  
Was to chaste ZAROO wed ;  
But death dissolv'd the nuptial tie,  
And robb'd the bridal bed.

“ Ah! let me with my Cooni burn,”  
The pensive Zaroo said,  
“ We'll mix our ashes in one urn,  
By death more near allied.”

In vain her nearest kindred strove  
To baffle her dread aim—  
Even Albion's daughters could not move  
The self-devoted dame.

In vain the awful Bramins spoke,  
In vain they threaten'd force—  
The funeral pile, beneath an oak,  
Was rear'd to burn the corse.

Thick as the sands that crowd the shore,  
Or stars that deck the sky,

---

The copper-colour'd Indians pour,  
To see poor Zaroo die—

White turbans form a contrast odd,  
Twin'd round their jet-black hairs,  
Resembling snow-white plumes that nod  
Oe'r black corse-bearing hearse.

Amidst comes Zaroo, with a smile,  
Attended by twelve maids,  
Who bow before the funeral pile,  
And veil their flower-girt heads.

Thrice round the pile their steps they bent,  
And thrice they kneel'd to pray,  
And thrice around the death-song went,  
And thrice they chang'd the lay.

Then the twelve virgins deck'd her head  
With flow'rs, in solemn mode,  
Like as the victims were array'd  
When Chrysses sought the God.

Then from her fingers, neck, and arms,  
The jewels that she wore,  
Regardless of their blazing charms,  
In haste poor Zaroo tore.

To her attendants these she gave,  
And smiling, them bespoke—

---

“ Cease not with flow’rs to strew my grave,  
“ Each year beneath this oak.”

Now on the pile, where void of life  
Her husband first was laid,  
The gentle, but heroic wife,  
Supports his sinking head.

To the lee-side the torch of flame,  
Was put to damp her mind ;  
The fire with a slow progress came,  
Obstructed by the wind.

When to the Bramins firm she cried,  
“ Ah, why this long delay !  
“ Set fire unto the wind-ward side,  
I long to be away !”

The torch applied, fires, crackling loud,  
The pile with crimson dyed,  
And Zaroo, silent Zaroo, bow’d  
Her flaming head—and died ?

CALCUTTA, 1800.

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TO F. H\*\*\*\*\*N, Esq.

ON HIS SENDING THE AUTHOR A PRESENT OF  
WINE.



Give wine unto those that be of heavy hearts—let him drink,  
and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.

PROVERBS.



“**W**INE maketh glad the heart”—the sparkling bowl  
Drives care away, and elevates the soul;  
Inspires the young, re-animates the old,  
Makes lovers eloquent, and heroes bold;  
Expands the latent flowers of thought, and brings  
Wisdom to priests, philosophers, and kings.  
And why not in the poets’ breast infuse  
The love of song, and wake the dormant Muse?

If wine, as sages say, doth make us wise,  
Allow me, whilst I drink, to moralize;  
For bards, like priests, tho’ not in practice nice,  
Are very fond of giving good advice.  
F\*\*\*k, shun illicit pleasures, they will prove  
The scourge of health, the bane of virtuous love;  
Howe’er the rake may press, the wanton smile,  
Whatever lures are practis’d to beguile;  
Let honour and religion guide your choice,  
Shake off the rake, and shun the syren’s voice;

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Let prudence check the wild desires of youth,  
And virtue guide you in the paths of truth.  
What are pleasures of the Cyprian's bed ?  
A momentary flash, and all is fled ;  
Save that they leave a lasting sting behind,  
To pain the body, or torment the mind.  
To this, my friend, I know you may reply,  
" Heaven gave us passions"—that I'll not deny ;  
And reason too, tho' beauty fire the soul,  
To keep those passions under due controul.  
I hate the Cynic, and the Libertine,  
Who, sour'd by spleen, or overcome by wine,  
Seek opposite extremes—the first would shun  
The Sex entire—the last would wish undone ;  
Both are unblest'd, and have themselves to blame,  
For seeking happiness in each extreme.  
If ought can strew the rugged path of life  
With roses—it must be a virtuous wife ;  
Where beauty and good temper doth unite  
Alike to give, and to receive delight ;—  
Here Love exalts the man ! pure love bestow'd  
On lovely woman—fairest work of God !

But to the GIFT—Your bounty hath supply'd  
The purple bowl, long to my lips deny'd ;  
Nor with a sparing hand hast thou bestow'd  
The beverage of Bacchus, ruddy god ;



---

Your friendship was profuse, your kindness such,  
That when you gave, indeed you gave too much.  
The spirits animal, that gently roll  
Thro' every vein, should balance with the soul ;  
But if depression comes, if pining care,  
Or melancholy, urges to despair ;  
If life's misfortunes, or the poison'd dart  
Of disappointed love, afflict the heart ;  
If absent country, absent friends, we mourn,  
Or suffering merit, in the shade forlorn ;  
When woes like these our spirits clog, support  
Their failure, by the aid of cheering Port ;  
The artificial spirit of good wine,  
Restores the balance, and bids genius shine.  
Friend H\*\*\*\*\*N, your course of studies o'er,  
The man of rhyme shall see your face no more ;  
But when, far distant from this calm retreat,  
You mix in life, and mingle with the great ;  
Attain the sphere for which you are design'd,  
And Macclesfield is blotted from your mind ;  
If haply on these lines you cast an eye,  
Perhaps you'll read their contents with a sigh ;  
And recollect that he, who one time shar'd  
Your noble friendship, and sincere regard ;  
Compos'd, and sent them, with no other view,  
Than to express his GRATITUDE—TO YOU.

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## THE MUSE UNMASKED.

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**DULL** night had her sceptre stretch'd forth,  
And buried in slumbers mankind ;  
The moon faintly gleam'd in the south,  
And loud blew the chilling north wind.

When, Albion, on thy north-west shore,  
A maid on a rock sat reclin'd ;  
At her feet the toss'd ocean did roar,  
Fit emblem of her troubled mind.

Her high-heaving bosom was bare,  
Dishevel'd her long tresses hung ;  
Her features were writh'd with despair,  
While her woes to the pale moon she sung.

“ Ye all-seeing powers divine,  
“ Of blessings to thousands profuse,  
“ Why was I made one of the Nine,  
“ And doom'd to misfortune—a Muse?

“ My sons too partake of my fate,  
“ Shy fortune her back on them turns ;  
“ Doom'd to want, and the scorn of the great,  
“ From Homer to Otway and Burns.

" 'Tis true, when they're laid in the clay,  
 " Their merit may meet some reward ;  
 " But kindness, in life's evil day,  
 " Does more good than a stone to the Bard.

" From the shores of green Erin, far west,  
 " A juvenile Bard claims my care ;  
 " I have nothing to give, I protest,  
 " And the youth droops his head in despair.

" Oh! Jove, lend an ear to my pray'r—  
 " Annihilate my tortur'd frame,  
 " That I no more Poets may bear,  
 " To be starv'd on the thin food of fame." —

Jove, piqu'd her petition to hear,  
 Loud thunder'd, " I'll not grant thy boon." —  
 Struck silent, she dropt the big tear,  
 And glanc'd her wet eyes on the moon.

Said W\*\*\*\*N, approaching in view,  
 " Thy son, gentle muse, I will cheer." —  
 Rejoic'd, she for Helicon flew,  
 And smil'd on the man thro' the tear,

## RELIGION.



WHERE dwells Religion? sacred maid!

Her lot is not confin'd  
To pompous walls, with gold inlaid,  
But to the—spotless mind.

Hence names, and sects—let me abide

By what our SAVIOUR said;  
His word sufficient is to guide  
The Hermit in the shade.

From sects, good Lord deliver me,

Lest I be led astray;  
And let thy word sufficient be,  
To shew the perfect way.

Thy word is plain to those who read,

Clear, and no way perplex,  
And little those dark lectures need,  
That only—cloud the text!

As when an unskill'd painter tries

To mend a draught divine,  
He quite bedaubs the beauteous dies,  
And loses every line :—

So CHRIST did paint, in glorious hues,  
 Religion—heav'nly maid!  
 But HIRELINGS, by false colouring lose  
 The picture in the shade,

Where dwells Religion? sacred maid!  
 Her lot is not confin'd  
 To pompous walls, with gold inlaid;  
 But to the—spotless mind.

---

## LITERARY JAIL BIRDS.

—The one half of man, his mind,  
 In *sui juris*, unconfin'd,  
 And cannot be laid by the heels,  
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.

BUTLER.

~ ~ ~

THAT Power Supreme, whose hand invisible  
 Directs events, and governs earth and heav'n,  
 Oft permits evil to befall the just,  
 Like Job of Uz, to work their future good:—  
 Else could Religion, or Philosophy,  
 Prevent us from repining, when we view

The righteous struggling with those ills of life,  
From which the sons of Belial are exempt,  
Pain, ignominy, poverty, and scorn—  
And view the sons of Genius close pent up  
In dungeon glooms, by 'Tyrants drunk with pow'r?  
Yet tho' the frame corporeal may be chain'd,  
And held in "durance vile" the active mind,  
That emanation of the Deity,  
Laughs bolts, and bars, and prison walls to scorn,  
And roves unfetter'd on exulting wing.  
In JAIL Boethius study close pursu'd,  
Undiscompos'd by clanking chains, and bolts,  
And din discordant of the fetter'd groups,  
Who sung, or swore, or dash'd their chains, or yell'd.  
Seiz'd by the popish Inquisition's grasp  
In Portugal, Buchanan, close confin'd  
In a monastic dungeon, paraphras'd  
The Psalms of David—as in Churches sung.  
Nor could confinement for a length of years  
Compel the fam'd Pelisson to forego  
His study of theology and greek.  
Nor could the horrors of a JAIL suppress,  
Ev'n in the softer sex, those powr's of soul,  
That bade our good Queen Bess and Mary woo  
The tuneful nine, and chaunt melodious song.  
Fam'd Raleigh, shut up from the world, produc'd  
A copious Histr'y of that very World!  
And Bunyan, while confin'd in Bedford JAIL,

Compos'd his "Pilgrim's Progress," which soon made  
 A rapid progress o'er the peopled earth!  
 And Paul, th' Apostle Paul, while close confin'd,  
 His best "Epistles" to the Churches wrote!  
 Hence learn, the arts of man can ne'er enchain  
 The flights of Genius, nor imprison Mind.  
 Hence all Sir Vickery's threats, and dungeons damp,  
 Can't stop the pens of those audacious men,  
 Chameleon COBBETT, and his vain compeer,  
 Deluded HUNT—Who, tho' in "durance vile,"  
 Preach freedom up to those already free!

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THE  
ART OF SAILING.

❖❖❖❖

"Little boats should still keep close on shore;  
 But larger ships may well adventure more."

❖❖❖❖

**THE** ancients built their boats and ships of HIDES,  
 Rude in their form, before the polish'd arts  
 Diffus'd their dawn;—of HIDES old Charon's boat  
 Was made, which ply'd across the river Styx,  
 And ferry'd souls into the awful realms  
 Of "Pluto king of shades;"—In latter days,



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The Sabæan, and Egyptian boats, and those  
Of Ethiopia, destin'd to transport  
Their wares on rivers, were of HIDES compos'd;—  
And Dardanus, when mighty floods o'erflow'd  
The land of Samothrace, in LEATHERN boat  
Oar'd o'er the pathless deep his rapid flight  
To Troas, and escap'd the general death.  
So, in the north of ERIN, fishermen,  
Time immemorial, in small LEATHERN skiffs,  
Call'd Curraghs, plow'd the deep;—a kind of boat  
Us'd by the native Irish, rib'd with twigs  
Inside, and outwardly well sheath'd, and brac'd  
With untann'd HIDES, and lac'd with pliant thongs;—  
When yet they were mere strangers to the art  
Of building on the nice-proportion'd keel,  
Or bending the sawn oak, or binding it  
To crooked timbers, with the nail or screw;—  
Long ere they knew to caulk the open seam  
With oakum, or to staunch it with hot pitch.

To whom the world's indebted for the Art  
Of Sailing, is unknown—the famous names  
Of Neptune, Janus, Atlas, Hercules,  
Of Erythras, and Danaus, foremost stand  
(As poets feign) upon the list of claims—  
But Noah's Ark, and old Ducalion's Boat,  
Were prior; and no doubt as models serv'd  
To after ages, who in time improv'd

Upon the plan—but who first rear'd the mast,  
 Cross'd the huge yard, and spread the flowing sail  
 To catch the winds; who fearless left the shore,  
 And launch'd into the deep; steer'd by the stars,  
 Their nightly course; or bade the magnet veer  
 The needle north—is dark conjecture all.  
 In days of other years huge ships were built  
 By Parhalus and Ægæon, to annoy  
 The enemy with stones, from engines thrown,  
 Huge, and destructive—and Philopater,\*  
 Vain-glorious in his pride, built a huge ship,  
 That seem'd a floating castle on the waves.  
 But this Hiero's ship excel'd, contriv'd  
 By Archimides—fish-ponds, gardens, baths,  
 Towers, galleries, and council chambers, grac'd  
 This wooden world—while engines fix'd abaft,  
 Hurl'd rocks upon the foe, pond'rous and huge  
 As those uptorn from hills in days of yore,  
 When giants waged impious war with gods.  
 To you seems this incredible? then know  
 Late from the Dardanells (in other days  
 Ycleped the Hellespont) the 'savage Turk,  
 From mortars scop'd out in the hill of stone,  
 Huge rocks discharg'd on Duckworth's fleet, of size

---

\* Ptolomy Philopater—"This ship carried four thousand rowers, four hundred marines, and three thousand soldiers—but served only for show, and ostentation, being rendered unfit for use by her monstrous bulk."

Terrific, and destructive in their fall.  
 At length, emerging from Barbaric night,  
 And smit with love of science, and the arts,  
 The Briton\* built the War-Ship—which from guns,  
 Shoot wide the bolts of death! hence Neptune smil'd,  
 Pleas'd with superior bravery and skill,  
 And smiling said—"Britannia Rule the Waves!"

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THE

POET, APOLLO, AND PLUTUS.

~ ~ ~

A LUCKLESS Bard of genuine lore,  
 Whose years were verging on fourscore,  
 And garments worn thread-bare,  
 One morn, with want and anguish stung,  
 Prostrate his palsied body flung,  
 And to Apollo, god of song,  
 Sent up complaint with pray'r.

---

\* "When Cæsar invaded Britain the inhabitants opposed him in vessels of an odd form, or rather large Tubs: the sails were composed of leather, and iron chains supplied the place of cables—Now, the Navy of England excels all others in beauty, strength, and safety—for beauty our ships of War are so many floating Palaces; for strength so many moving castles; and for safety they are the most defensive walls of the Land."

Quoth he—"doth great Apollo sleep,  
While I lone, hung'ry vigils keep,

And on my pallet roll?

This my reward, who swept thy lyre,  
And, when thy muses deign'd t' inspire,  
Prometheus like, snatch'd heav'nly fire

To wake in man a soul?

Now worn with age, care, want, and pain—  
But why, ah! why do I complain?

I do not starve alone;—

Mæonian Homer begg'd his bread,  
In jail Boethius bow'd his head,  
With hunger fam'd Cervantes died,  
And Borghese was undone.

Great Spencer died thro' thy neglect,  
And Collins, shorn of intellect!

Otway, and Dryden poor;

By want, distress, and care o'ercome,  
Lee, and fam'd Butler shar'd their doom,  
And Fielding lies without a tomb,

On Portugal's rude shore!

Ill-fated Savage died in jail,  
And Goldsmith was releas'd on bail

By Johnson—his poor friend!

Of friends, support, and money void,  
Great Chatterton himself destroy'd,

---

And tuneful Burns neglected died—  
Such is the Poet's end !

Apollo ! view these hoary hairs,  
And, oh ! have pity on my years,  
And kind relief bestow ; —  
Else, may great Jove, whose arm is strong,  
Deprive thee of the gift of song,  
And shield mankind, both old and young,  
From verse—dire source of woe !”

When thus Apollo—“ Plutus say  
Why those dull souls who spurn my lay,  
Thy golden blessings share ?  
Tho' my gay sons attune their lyres,  
To sing what fame or love requires,  
And emulate th' immortal choirs,  
Thou bid'st them feed on—air !”

Quoth Plutus—“ cease, Apollo cease,  
I scorn thy meagre rhyming race,  
And let the muses know it ; —  
Ye pow'rs of heav'n and hell give ear !  
By Stix, and Jupiter I swear,  
On land or sea, I Plutus, ne'er  
Will heap gold on a Poet.\*

---

\* I fear old Plutus has been guilty of perjury, in heaping his golden favours so profusely on Walter Scott.

---

Hymns to Apollo oft they raise,  
And chaunt in everlasting lays  
    The names of gods and muses ;  
For Plutus they reserve their sting—  
Up-borne on Pegasean wing,  
Heap'd offerings to my courts they bring,  
    Of libels, and abuses !”

The Poet heard, and rais'd his eyes—  
In speechless anguish burst the sighs,  
    That breath'd his mental woes ;  
Neglected, destitute of bread,  
Heart-sick he bow'd his wither'd head,  
And, mingled with the silent dead,  
    Found—undisturb'd repose.

THE  
LAST DAY.

---

—The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all that it inherits shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.

SHAKSPEARE.

---

O THOU, whose word from brooding chaos spoke  
A smiling world, and night's enchantment broke ;  
Whose word omnific stretch'd the crystal skies  
Around that world, and bade the planets rise ;  
Call'd from the dust, and in thy image made,  
The Sire of men, in Eden's hallow'd shade ;  
Speak wisdom in my soul—and O inspire  
My solemn Muse with more than mortal fire ;  
To sing that great and awful Day of God,  
Which shall consume the rest, like Aaron's rod.

As erst, when war compell'd the sons of light  
To measure spears with Satan's hosts in fight,  
The trumpet's sound Jehovah's will made known,  
And drew the heavenly legions round the throne ;  
So crowd they now, at the loud signal given,  
Around his throne—and silence reigns in heaven.



---

From light ineffable at length the God,  
Acosts the myriads of his bless'd abode:—  
“ Angelic hosts ! to you I now unseal  
“ A mystery, none else could e'er reveal ;  
“ That awful hour draws nigh, when we shall go,  
“ To judge the nations, in the world below ;  
“ Some moments hence with me you shall retire,  
“ And view Earth's spacious ambit roll'd in fire.  
“ My well-beloved Son, I now resign,  
“ To thee the pow'r to judge, and judgment's thine,  
“ Michael descend before—this trumpet take,  
“ Whose sound shall make high heav'n & earth to shake ;  
“ With it awake the dead—bid them arise,  
“ And meet us on the confines of the skies ;  
“ Blot out the sun, spread chaos, as before,  
“ And swear by ME that—Time shall be no more.”  
The angel, bowing, left the high abode,  
And down a sun-beam earthward wing'd his road.

Blind to their fate, meantime the sons of earth,  
Indulge in folly, pleasure, pride, and mirth ;  
The Word of God, like Noah's is despis'd,  
Like Lot's disdain'd, and Mammon idoliz'd ;  
Some think the day of wrath will never come,  
That earth's exempted from a fiery doom ;  
Lucretius like, thro' unbelief exclaim,  
This world was, is, and still shall be the same ;

---

Nothing is lost, th' eternal seeds remain,  
Die in that form, and live in this again ;  
And, independent of creative Power,  
Deem earth's firm basis fix'd for evermore ;  
Proof 'gainst devouring fire, or rushing flood,  
Annihilation—and the wrath of God !  
Others there are, who Revelation's laws  
Studious explore, and own one Great First Cause ;  
Yet doubt this day, because they find earth's doom  
Prolong'd, and nature in primeval bloom ;  
Slack in his promise count th' Eternal God,  
And dream this world shall stand as it hath stood !  
Fanatics, zealous even to a crime,  
Preach a LAST DAY, and dare affix the time ;  
Presume God's mind, and secret will to know,  
Tho' hid from Cbrist above, and Man below !  
But, lo, the hour is come ! the seraph bright,  
Descends to Earth—and reaches in the night !

The golden trumpet sounds—from pole to pole,  
The shock is felt, and horror fills each soul ;  
“ He comes ! He comes ! ” the flaming herald cries,  
“ God comes to judge the world—YE DEAD ARISE ! ”  
From the deep centre, from the ozy bed,  
And Vortex dire, the sea gives up her dead ;  
Her vaults wide cleft, with groans the lab'ring earth,  
Conceives, and brings forth nations at a birth ;

---

The dusty particles unite in one,  
Receive the trembling soul, and form the man.  
“ He comes! He comes !” again he calls aloud,  
“ Prepare, O Earth! prepare to meet thy God!”  
When the surviving nations, who ne’er found  
The pangs of dissolution, or death-wound,  
Are changed in the twinkling of an eye,  
And mortal puts on immortality !  
The great I AM, heaven’s everlasting King,  
Who bade unnumber’d worlds from nothing spring,  
Bids their gross frames, terrestrial, quick as thought,  
Become celestial, and the change is wrought :  
Translated thus Elijah soar’d on high,  
And mingled with immortals in the sky.  
The mighty angel now a-stride doth stand,  
One foot sustain’d on sea, and one on land,  
And swears by HIM, whom heav’n and earth adore,  
The God of Hosts, that “ Time shall be no more !”  
He said—The trumpet sounds, the dreadful roar  
Resounds from pole to pole, from shore to shore ;  
Earth like a tempest-beaten ship doth rock,  
And heaven’s foundations feel the mighty shock,  
The hills are mov’d, the mountains bow their heads,  
The ancient Isles are hurled from their beds ;  
World’s dash’d on worlds in awful ruin fall,  
And clashing comets fire this earthly ball ;  
Stupendous wreck ! the scene before me lies,  
Wide world’s demolish’d and a falling skies !

---

One universal flame surrounds the globe,  
And wraps creation in a crimson robe.  
As when a blazing oven shoots aloof  
The forked flame against the arched roof,  
The blaze, confin'd, with fiercer fury plays,  
Contracts, expands, and darts a thousand ways ;  
So earth, wide blazing, shoots the flames so high,  
They dash, and curl, and run along the sky.

Now Gabriel comes, with thunders in the air,  
The judge's path with grandeur to prepare ;  
To north and south the parted sky he rolls,  
And binds the curtains to the distant poles.  
O what a sight ! the intervening sky  
Roll'd back—heav'n opens on the naked eye !  
The triune God appears ! on either hand  
Myriads of angels wait, at his command !  
Earth from his presence flies—the orbs of light,  
Are quench'd for ever in chaotic night ;  
His eyes, omniscient, at each glance display  
“ A stream of glory, and a flood of day.”  
Meantime the righteous, with a holy dread,  
By Faith look up to Christ, their living head ;  
Expand their pinions, and triumphant soar  
Toward his throne, fall prostrate, and adore ;  
With minds compos'd the wreck of worlds survey  
And bask all-ravish'd in the living ray.

So when wild tempests wood and grove deform,  
The royal eagle soars above the storm;  
With dauntless eye looks down on the dread scene,  
And wings his way thro' regions all serene.

But the unrighteous wish to shun the light,  
And, night-owl like, dive to the haunts of night;  
There hope among the general wreck to lie,  
And pray that soul and body both may die;  
There weep and yell amid sulphureous air  
And loud exclaim—oppress'd with deep despair.  
“ Hide us, ye mountains! cover us, ye hills!  
“ From HIM, whose wrath our souls with anguish fills;  
“ Fall on us, O ye rocks! ye yawning graves  
“ Once more entomb us in your gloomy caves;  
“ Or hide us, ocean! thou to mischief prone,  
“ From GOD, and HIM who sitteth on the throne.”  
But vain their lamentation, vain their pray'r,  
At God's great fiat they remount the air;  
Pursue their flight thro' realms of space unknown,  
And reach with ghastly looks the Judge's throne.

That great white throne appears in heavenly state  
On which the Judge IMMANUEL takes his seat;  
No more the lowly Babe, in manger laid,  
But Christ! with twice ten thousand suns array'd!  
A radiant diadem his head adorns,  
Which once was crown'd on calvary with thorns;

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And o'er his shoulders, mid the blaze of light,  
A purple robe waves graceful to the sight;  
Emblem of that for which the lots were cast,  
When from the judgement to the cross he pass'd,  
On his right hand fair mercy smiles serene,  
And adds a pleasing grandeur to the scene;  
Aloft the waves the olive branch of peace,  
And smiles propitious on the heirs of grace.  
Upon his left stern justice sits, all dread,  
And whirls the sword of vengeance round her head;  
High poises the impartial scales of fate,  
And reigns in bright inexorable state.  
The books of conscience, and of God, are wide  
Unfolded, and by these all shall be try'd.  
Awhile, my muse, the various hosts survey,  
Who smile with joy, or shudder with dismay.

Ere sentence pass, its fate each soul can tell,  
And feels within a heaven or a hell;  
Though but a foretaste of that bliss, or woe,  
Which they must share above, or bear below;  
Hence saint and sinner well the muse may trace,  
And read the soul, depicted in the face.  
Aghast and wild the shivering Deists come,  
Too late convinc'd that Christ will seal their doom;  
And scoffing Atheists now believe, too late,  
A God! a Heaven! a Hell! and Future State!



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To paint the horror, anguish, and despair,  
That wrings the soul, and groans that rend the air,  
When every sinner finds expos'd to view  
His crimes, unpardon'd, of the blackest hue—  
To paint the transports that o'erflow the breast  
Of those whom Christ hath number'd with the blest,  
When they, thro' grace behold their sins forgiven,  
And find their names wrote in the Book of Heaven—  
To paint the feelings of that father's mind,  
Who, happy, sees his son to wrath consign'd;  
Or hers, who bless'd, views with dejected air,  
Her husband on the left, doom'd to despair;  
Or theirs, whom love, or friendship bound below,  
When part are doom'd to bliss, and part to woe;  
Exceeds my pencil, and my power of thought—  
Angels alone could paint them as they ought.

The books are clos'd—the hosts asunder cleft,  
One part on God's right hand, part on his left,  
When thus the judge—"Rebellious sons of men,  
"For you I shed my blood, and died in vain;  
"Unto my bleeding side you would not come—  
"Then hear, O hear, your everlasting doom;  
"Depart ye cursed to the depths of hell,  
"There with the devil and his angels dwell;  
"Shut out from light and hope, each guilty soul  
"Shall bear my wrath whilst endless ages roll."



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He said—forth from the throne of God there came  
A fiery whirlwind, thick with smoke and flame,  
And the pale hosts of howling victims hurl'd  
With furious sweep, to the infernal world.

With smiles of grace, and heavenly gesture bland,  
Thus speaks the judge, to those on his right hand.  
“ Welcome, ye saints, to your eternal rest,  
“ Your warfare's o'er, heaven waits to make you blest.  
“ Well-pleas'd I view the purchase of my blood—  
“ Father, behold them ! saints behold your God !  
“ Come heaven-ward, of my Father bless'd, and see  
“ What joys are thine to all eternity.”

He said—the everlasting gates unfold,  
And the high arches shine like burnish'd gold ;  
The King of Glory enters, and before  
His throne the hosts fall prostrate, and adore.  
Up-risen—to each a harp and crown are given,  
And robes of righteousness, the meed of heaven ;  
To Christ, the ransom'd hymns and anthems raise,  
And heaven's vast concave rings with songs of praise.

Delightful scene, to guilty souls unknown,  
To see the saints surround Jehovah's throne !  
No foul defect, in body or in soul  
Appears ;—but bright perfection crowns the whole.  
Weak infancy in manhood's bloom appears,  
And hoary age shakes off its load of years ;

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The wither'd cheek assumes a polish'd grace,  
And youth immortal smooths the wrinkled face ;  
The curled black, in scorching climates burn'd,  
With flowing locks, and beauty is adorn'd ;  
The sightless eye-ball, that long roll'd in night,  
Opes to the blaze of everlasting light ;  
And the deaf ear, a stranger long to sound,  
Lists, ravish'd, to the warbling lyres around.  
The dumb forget their silence, and employ  
Their loosen'd tongues to praise —and speak their joy.  
The harmless Ideot, stranger to the rules  
Of reason, and the subtleties of schools,  
Cur'd of his mental mania, is made whole,  
And floods of intellect pour on his soul.

As stars in glory differ, so shall they  
In various spheres move in the living ray ;  
Those, whose capacities expand more wide,  
Shall feel the stretch of ev'ry wish supply'd ;  
Those, more contracted, equal pleasure find,  
For God, who made, shall dwell in ev'ry mind.  
When they have liv'd ten thousand ages o'er,  
For every grain of sand on every shore ;  
And when for every second in that space  
Ten thousand ages run their tedious race ;  
With them no day, no year, no age is past,  
All is one PRESENT NOW, which shall for ever last.









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